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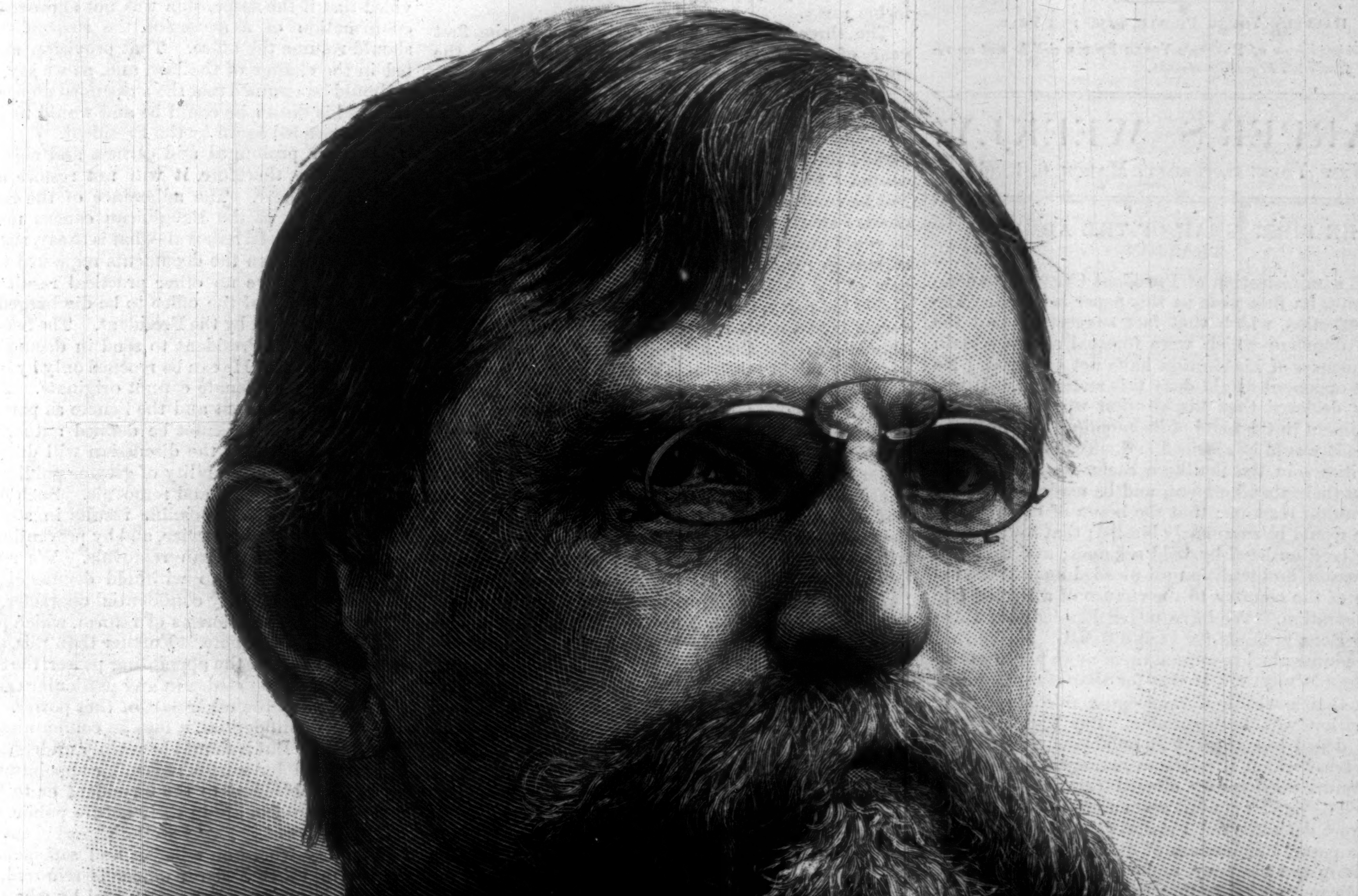

GENERAL LEW WALLACE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

"A family where HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is read will be brighter, happier, and better for its weekly visits."—*Boston Journal.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number issued March 2 contains the first part of a short serial entitled

"RÉNÉ. A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY STORY."

BY ESTHER CARR.

The hero of the story is the boy-prince Réné of Anjou, and the scenes are laid in the studio of the celebrated Flemish painters Hubert and John Van Eyck.

Other contents of this number are "Billy Towner's First Skirmish," a humorous story by JOHN HABBERTON, *author of "Helen's Babies," an instalment of "Jo's Opportunity," "The Ice King at Work" (the third of* MRS. S. B. HERRICK'S *geological series), and "Canary Housekeeping," a practical article by* LILLIE E. BARR.

The principal illustration is

"THAT'S YOU!"

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE administration of President CLEVELAND completes its first year as this paper is issued. The first reflection which that fact suggests is that the public disasters which were foretold as the certain consequences of his election have not occurred. No honest opponent would deny this statement. It was loudly declared that his election would place the government in the hand of its enemies; that industry and trade would be alarmed and suffer; that the colored citizens in the Southern States would be in despair at their abandonment, and be made the victims of a wanton reaction; that the hopes of civil service reform would be summarily blasted; that the finances would be disordered by wild schemes; and that history, reason, and tradition all pleaded against the exposure of the country to the chance of a Democratic administration. We have never doubted that there were serious grounds for such distrust. No journal in the country had reiterated them more plainly than HARPER'S WEEKLY. It was for that reason, among others, that a wise and unexceptionable Republican nomination was indispensable. But a nomination which defied independent Republicans showed that the distrust which Republican managers and orators and organs vociferously alleged they did not feel. They challenged a contest upon a personal issue, and they were defeated, not because of trust in the Democratic party, but because of distrust of Republican leadership and tendency, and a very strong and wide Republican conviction that the best way to prevent unfit nominations was not to support them.

The event has shown that the fear of dire results to follow the election of Mr. CLEVELAND was unfounded. There has been no financial or industrial panic or disaster, nor is there apprehension of any such disaster to spring from his policy or conduct; there is not a colored citizen in the land who has been wronged, or who fears to be wronged, because of Mr. CLEVELAND'S election; there has been no clean sweep in the civil service, but, on the contrary, under no administration for fifty years—not under LINCOLN, or GRANT, or HAYES, or GARFIELD, or ARTHUR—has there been so generous and unpartisan a treatment of the service, with such exceptions as we shall mention. For twenty-four years, under Republican administration, the civil service was manned almost exclusively and continuously by Republicans. A quarter of the term of a Democratic administration is ended, and much the larger part of the civil service is still Republican. As for compensation for slaves and payment of the rebel debt that were to follow the entry of the rebel brigadiers into the White House and Congress, the amount appropriated is not yet large. Indeed, the first penny has not yet been proposed, nor did those who raised the cry suppose that it ever would be proposed. No honest Republican, it seems to us, however sincere may have been his apprehension, or however great his wrath with any independent Republican who supported Mr. CLEVELAND, would now deny that the general and vague distrust of the consequences of his election has not been justified by the event.

On the other hand, although this be true, we doubt if there is any general restoration of confidence in the Democratic party. The situation is very much what it would have been if the Republican nomination had been one which all Republicans could support. The Democratic President, not the Democratic party, is responsible for the good aspects of the situation. He was not the real choice of his party, and if he had died a year ago, and Mr. HENDRICKS had succeeded, the situation would have been very different. More than this, the executive acts which have been most disappointing to the independent vote that supported the President are due to the pressure of the party. Such appointments as those of PILLSBURY and HIGGINS and THOMAS and RASIN and HEDDEN and BEATTIE and others, and the dismissal of good officers, are attributed to Democratic politicians, not to public consideration of the welfare of the service, and they show that the mere Democratic politician is not preferable to the Republican. In the Post-office Department, where about fifty thousand places are held at the pleasure of the Postmaster-General, there has been a great deal of change, due undoubtedly to the partisan demands of members of Congress and local committees. They are changes inconsistent with the avowed principles of the President, and even if he be not personally responsible, and if it be conceded that they are betrayals of his policy, yet it is obvious that his administration can be successful, not by the general conviction of his personal integrity and purpose, but only by its success in restoring confidence in his party.

The three mistakes to be designated in the first year of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration are the changes in the civil service without legitimate cause, although the number is much smaller than under any other administration; the continuance of the Attorney-General in the Cabinet; and the refusal to make public the reasons for removal. The President cannot "educate" his party to be a reform party. But he could require every member of his Cabinet to observe strictly his policy in regard to removals, and he could initiate the practice of holding all communications in regard to appointment and removal to be part of the public records. If such a course should divide his party, it would merely prove that he must decide between his reform principles and his party. Should he insist that his policy be strictly observed, his party might rebel, and then it could certainly not carry another election. But should he think to "reform a little," and to allow for the tender-footed Democrats, he would inevitably share their discomfiture. It is a situation in which at this time it is better to trust the people than a party. No President has done so much for reform as Mr. CLEVELAND. But it is a movement in which, from the nature of the case and from his own record, his administration will be judged, not so much by what is done well as by what is done ill. Good appointments can neither "set off" bad appointments nor careless removals. The appointments in Maryland have gone far to overthrow the confidence of the truest friends of the President. Whoever has procured such appointments has covered the cause of reform in that State and the reputation of the President as a friend of reform with contempt. The President should hold such malign advisers, within or without his Cabinet, to their full responsibility. Unless reform be the plain and uniform policy of the administration, the fact that it may do better than other administrations will not secure reform. It is true that everything cannot be done at once. But that is a plea only for what cannot be avoided, not for what can be avoided. It is not open to the man who picks a pocket to plead that no one is without sin. Reform asks only the practicable, not the impossible.

THE CONFLICT OF POWERS.

A DEBATE upon the report of Mr. EDMUNDS would be instructive and interesting as a statement of the opinion of some eminent constitutional lawyers upon the "true intent and meaning" of the Constitution. But it could lead to no practical result in legislation like the tenure of office bill. Of that bill Mr. BLAINE remarks in his forth-coming volume:

"The history of its operation and of its subsequent modification, which practically amounted to its repeal, is one to which the Republican party cannot recur with any sense of pride or satisfaction. It was freely predicted at the time that so long as the Senate and the President were in political harmony nothing would be heard of the tenure of office act, but that when the political interests of the Executive should come in contact with those of the Senate, there would be a renewal of the trouble which had characterized the relations of President JOHNSON and the Senate, and which led to the original tenure of office act with its positive assertion of Senatorial power over the whole question of appointment and removal."

The bill was passed by a Republican Congress to curb ANDREW JOHNSON, and it was modified by a Republican Congress to give General GRANT full power. Its passage, however, was not wholly due to party feeling. JOHNSON'S conduct and temper and habits were such as to justify the apprehension that he might dangerously abuse the power of patronage, and, in his Postmaster-General RANDALL'S phrase, turn the whole service into his personal "bread and butter brigade." The bill, moreover, merely asserted the principle which was maintained both by WEBSTER and CALHOUN, that the Senate is constitutionally a part of the removing power. But however strongly the EDMUNDS report may declare that principle, and however cogently Senators may plead for it, the law will not now be changed. The Senate may reject nominations, and may hold that the suspended officer ought to be restored if it has not confirmed a duly nominated successor before its adjournment. But even if that were so, which cannot be made to appear from the law, the President could again suspend the officer. In fact the Senate has deliberately relinquished the power which it now apparently desires to resume.

The important portions of section 1768 of the Revised Statutes are these:

"During any recess of the Senate the President is authorized, in his discretion, to suspend any civil officer appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, except Judges of the Courts of the United States, until the end of the next session of the Senate, and to designate some suitable person, subject to be removed in his discretion by the designation of another, to perform the duties of such suspended officer in the mean time. . . .The President shall within thirty days after the commencement of each session of the Senate. . . .nominate persons to fill all vacancies in office which existed at the meeting of the Senate, whether temporarily filled or not, and also in the place of all officers suspended; and if the Senate during such session shall refuse to advise and consent to an appointment in the place of any suspended officer, then, and not otherwise, the President shall nominate another person as soon as practicable to the same session of the Senate for the office."

In the original law of JOHNSON'S time it was provided that if the suspension was not approved by the confirmation of a successor, the suspended officer should resume the office. That provision was omitted in the change of the law, and, as we say, even if it should be assumed that the suspended officer should resume his duties, he could be and would be immediately suspended again by the President.

However prolonged and earnest and able the debate may be, therefore, it will not restore a single suspended officer. The adherence of the Senate to the resolution of the Republican caucus not to approve the proposed removal—that is to say, suspension—of officers when the documents requested by it are refused, will have no other practical result than to leave the duties of the office to be discharged by the person designated by the President. The Senate cannot compel the President to send in documents nor to give reasons. He can be reached only by impeachment, which the Senate cannot originate. The relations of the President and the Senate as parts of the appointing power cannot be defined authoritatively by the debate. But the discussion will draw public attention to the desirability of greater publicity in regard to appointments and removals. Such publicity would have the best possible results in stimulating good conduct in the service, and by preventing causeless and merely partisan removals. We regret the President's decision to withhold documents, except those of an absolutely confidential character, because it is hostile to the interests of reform, which publicity would greatly promote. Further than this, as a constitutional part of the appointing power, the Senate is entitled to all knowledge in any particular case which is possessed by the other part of that power. If it be essentially confidential, it may be communicated confidentially. But it should be plainly understood hereafter that all documents regarding appointments and removals addressed to the President or to Senators upon that subject are in their nature public, and will be so considered. Every well-disposed citizen, in any community where an efficient and satisfactory postmaster or other Federal officer is removed, has the right to know for what reason and by whose request the change has been made, and the record should be accessible to every such citizen. This demand for publicity, which will prevail, is another of the beneficent and logical results of the civil service reform movement.

THE ENGLISH ARGUMENT IN IRELAND.

THE political situation in England is obscure in every aspect but one, and that is the intensity of feeling. For the time the point of greatest and most excited interest is the Irish question. The riots and the Socialist meetings, and the condition which they disclose, and the foreign question in the Ægean and in India, are subordinate to what is generally felt to be the question of the empire itself. Nothing is more notable than the breach between Mr. GLADSTONE and many of his oldest and strongest friends. It is not too strong a statement to say that they fear national dishonor under his leadership in the practical surrender of a part of the imperial power. The assertion that the Irish demand is made by the great majority of Irishmen, these Englishmen meet by a flat denial. They hold that the one and a quarter million of Protestants by the last census, and a similar number of "royalist Catholics" and people of no religious connection, make a full half of the people, and that the National League rules in Ireland, as the Secessionists ruled in Virginia and in other Union-loving portions of "the South," by intimidation, compact and active organization, boycotting, and general unscrupulousness. The shiftless and landless have been won by the cry of "No rent," and the Catholic clergy, who were largely opposed to the movement for home rule, have been gained by the prospect of a Catholic majority in an Irish Parliament. These Englishmen hold that ignorant peasants were led in squads by the priests to the polls, and voted under the eye of boycotters and Nationalists as Virginians voted under the supervision of Secessionists. The English party finds proof in the figures of the election that "there were far

more stay-at-homes, in proportion to the whole legal number of voters in Ireland, than in the State of New York at the last Presidential election." There is an equally positive denial of the assertion that the land is generally owned by foreigners. On the contrary, the English party appeals to the census to show that the vast majority of landlords are Irishmen, who own the farms and receive the rents.

The practical answer to such statements and to such facts, if facts they are, is that the majority which accepts the leadership of the minority concedes that the latter shall act and speak for all. The practical Irish opposition to the National League seems to be confined to Ulster, and the Ulster protest is very strong. But it can do no more than protest. The Irish party has the power to obstruct all legislation and to demolish every ministry until its demands are conceded. It is revolutionary under legal forms. Now the right of armed revolution is defined by Americans to be the right to resist intolerable oppression. It is the situation when the evils of war are held to be less than that of longer endurance of existing wrongs and the hopelessness of legal relief. Revolution under legal forms is that situation where all public business is suspended until a certain legal relief is afforded. But for the moral justification of this course, as for that of armed revolt, there must be an open and honest declaration of reasons, an appeal to the approval of mankind such as the American colonies made in 1776. It is this course which raises the movement, whether armed or legislative, from the category of mere rebellion against law to the dignity of a justifiable redress of grievances.

To the demand, therefore, of an Irish Parliament the English party replies, first, that Ireland is not governed as a colony or dependency, but as an integral portion of the United Kingdom, having her full representation in Parliament, and is thus qualified to look after her own interests, as Scotland, with a much smaller representation, does most effectually. Consequently a separate Parliament is not necessary for the redress of any grievance. It replies, secondly, that no practical grievance whatever has been brought forward, nor has any motion been made by PARNELL. He took at once to wrecking the legislature by obstruction and inciting revolt in Ireland. In all the speeches and writings of the League leaders there is no political grievance mentioned except the union itself. And, third, this English party says that Protestant Ulster is under exactly the same laws and stands in exactly the same relation to Ireland as the Catholic provinces, and she is as prosperous, loyal, and contented as Kent or Sussex. Under these circumstances this party holds that to abandon the union by the grant of an Irish Parliament is to yield to a revolution which can plead no grievance; to turn over the most intelligent, industrious, and civilized population of a constituent part of the empire to its most ignorant, savage, and superstitious element; and to divide the empire and wrong a great body of people for no real or practical reason whatever. This is the argument of the English Liberals who have separated from Mr. GLADSTONE, and who dread his action in Ireland, and it is unquestionably a strong argument. The practical reply to it seems to be that whatever the right or wrong of the situation, it cannot continue, and that its solution must be either in a policy of severity or of concession. There can be no doubt that public opinion in England would not tolerate Irish independence. If, then, concession which preserves the essential supremacy of the empire will not suffice, there will remain nothing but the practical yielding of the Irish League, or English maintenance of the union by force.

A SILVER CURRENCY.

ONE of the ablest students of the question writes in regard to the threatened silver legislation in Congress as follows:

"Our currency, mixed up as it is at present, is exposed to dangers enough, but the threat of Congress to change it suddenly to a single currency of silver at a depreciation of twenty per cent. is fraught with dangers to society itself. It would operate as an immediate reduction in the income of all persons employed on wages or salaries—professors, school-masters, and school-mistresses; the servants in our households, the laborers in our factories, fields, and forests; and those who are most dependent would be the first to suffer and the last to adjust themselves to the new situation. Take your own paper. What an amount of money is invested in it, and what an amount of costly ability! I take it for granted that, relying upon a vast sale, the price of your paper to subscribers is put as low a rate as is consistent with a fair profit, and now you are threatened with a depreciation of currency which will of a sudden take from the subscription price of your paper twenty per cent. Or take one of the great daily papers, skilfully organized, frugally superintended: it gives us all the news from all parts of the world at our breakfast table, and at no very great price. What must befall that paper when there is a sudden decline in the currency of twenty per cent.? Just this difficulty overhangs every enterprise. I do not see the limit of this evil which this change would bring with it. So our exchange with foreign lands, instead of being at or near par, will be reckoned at six hundred and twenty for the pound. Every dollar of gold, of which we have at present so good a store, will be driven out of the land. Nor are those who live on what they earn the only sufferers. Already in the menace alone every branch of business is disturbed, and men are afraid to venture upon any new enterprise, when to-morrow may find their capital reduced twenty per cent. in value by Congressional legislation.

"Then, too, think of the abundance of corn and cattle and wheat and the like, for which the producer must suffer a reduction in price equal to a full protection of the exchange with the foreign country where the articles are finally to be disposed of! And the crime is made worse by the pretence that the change, which is injurious to almost everybody but the money-changers, and corporations that have bonds to pay off, and indebted speculators, is held up as a benefit to the poor, whom it does nothing but wrong and pillage."

MONUMENTS AT WASHINGTON.

SENATOR HOAR'S bills for the erection of a monument in Washington to General GRANT and of a statue to General HANCOCK have been passed unanimously by the Senate, although Senator PLUMB objected to the GRANT monument, upon the ground that no such memorial was necessary, and that none in memory of LINCOLN had been erected in Washington by the government. But Senator PLUMB forgot that monuments are properly raised only to those who do not need them. It is because of the love and gratitude which keep the memories of great men forever fresh that memorials are erected. The monument to WASHINGTON at the capital is not necessary to recall the Father of the Country. But it is a sign of the affection which does not and will not forget him. Senator HOAR remarked that the Library Committee would duly consider the question of a LINCOLN monument.

THE AMERICAN OPERA.

THE great and deserved success of the American opera in New York is one of the most interesting facts of the musical season. The completeness and care of the stage setting and the admirable training of all the singers are in pleasant contrast with much to which the public has been accustomed at the Academy. The audience, also, is remarkable. The close and intelligent and sympathetic attention, the absence of the chattering and giggling which are the sure signs of ill-breeding, and the sense of thorough appreciation and enjoyment, are very remarkable.

But the extraordinary fact is the present extinction of Italian opera. The two great houses are filled at every performance, but the familiar Italian music is heard no more. There has been a great change in the public taste, and how great it is can be seen by recurring to RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S articles of a few years ago upon Italian opera in New York. The music of the future is practically that of the present, while the good music of the past, as in GLUCK'S *Orpheus and Eurydice*, is as fresh and beautiful as ever. Undoubtedly the Italian opera will yet be heard again, but the day of its absolute and disdainful supremacy is past.

A SITUATION WHICH GROWS WORSE.

THERE seems to be no good reason why the explanation of the Attorney-General in regard to the Pan-electric speculation should be delayed. His position does not depend upon the issue of any suit or investigation. The case, as publicly and generally stated, and not denied, leaves him in a situation which is made worse by delay in explanation or action. As a public man of intelligence and experience, he cannot fail to see how injurious to his chief and to his party is his continued association with the administration. It was the practical condemnation by the Republican party of conduct similar to his which overthrew that party at the last election, and the most powerful weapon against the President now is the presence of Mr. GARLAND in the Cabinet. If there be any explanation of his course, it ought certainly to be made public at once.

LIGHT WANTED.

IN the New York Senate Mr. SLOAN has introduced resolutions asking the Health-officer at Quarantine to report the total amount of money received by him as such officer in the years 1882, '83, '84, and '85. The other day the Health Officer wrote a letter in which he said that the amount was not as large as had been stated. But he forgot to mention how small it was. He will be glad, therefore, to correct public misapprehension upon this point. He will also report how much money has been received for fumigation.

This will be very useful information, and the request is in strict accord with the conviction which is now very general that darkness and secrecy are as favorable to abuses in the public service as in private conduct. There is a most proper privacy in many things. But all privacy is not proper, and that which is invoked to conceal the receipts of office, or recommendations to office, or reasons for removal from office, is an unjustifiable secrecy, hostile to the public welfare.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

THE American school of classical studies at Athens was founded by the American Archæological Institute in 1882, and has been successfully maintained for three years and a half, at the expense of some of the chief colleges of the country and their alumni. Each of these colleges in turn sends out to Athens a professor of Greek, who acts for one year as director of the school, which has an excellent working library, and has published a valuable volume of papers, and conducted important explorations.

The enterprise is one of the most creditable to American scholarship ever undertaken. But it needs a permanent foundation. The English school has erected a building upon land given to it by the Greek government, and a similar plot, of about two acres in extent, is offered to our school if it will take it. That depends, of course, upon the friends of the project, and the New York branch of the Institute makes its appeal for aid to build a simple building upon the lot offered, and to begin a fund for the salary of a permanent director and current expenses.

The parent society in Boston, through a committee of which Mr. LOWELL is chairman, has already obtained the larger part of the sum required, and a committee of the New York society of very well known gentlemen is organized for a personal appeal. No purpose of the kind could be more admirable or honorable to the national name, and nothing is more certain than that every dollar subscribed will be most honestly and usefully expended.

PERSONAL.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT proposes to build a new theatre which shall represent his views of what is fit and proper. It shall be situated in the centre of a block in the most fashionable part of the city, and all around it shall be business houses. Its exterior walls shall be of the plainest possible description, and entirely hidden from the streets. It shall have an approach on each of its four sides. Internally the effect shall be simple, large, and open, the wall spaces being decorated with old gold, and the seats upholstered in crimson plush. The principal attraction shall be the stage, with which nothing in the auditorium shall interfere. The cost of the theatre shall be about $150,000, and the other buildings on the block shall be owned by the same company that owns the theatre. In New York city the most desirable site would be on Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-fourth and Thirtieth streets. The players would be members of a stock company, and certain nights in each week would be devoted to comedy, others to tragedy, others to less serious work. Mr. BARRETT has the co-operation of Mr. EDWIN BOOTH in this scheme. He expects soon to ask some of the leading supporters of the drama to meet him for the purpose of conference.

—The Hon. HAMILTON FISH, a member of the GRANT memorial committee of this city, thinks that a million of dollars is too large a sum to try to raise, and that the hundred and odd thousand dollars already obtained will suffice to erect a suitable monument. Senator HOAR'S bill for a national monument to General GRANT at Washington appropriates only $250,000. "It seems to me," he said in his speech in the Senate, "that we must take the thing as settled by the general judgment of mankind that civilized nations are wanting in due and decent honor for their great benefactors, unless by monument or statuary, or in some other public way, they put up in their public places the tokens of their regard."

—The newly arrived barytone of the American Opera, Mr. WILLIAM LUDWIG, of London, is reported to have said that he could learn his part in the score of *Lakmé*—which he had never sung—in six days. Most of the principal singers in an opera like *Lakmé* give more study to the "business" of their parts than to the singing of them, and this "business," when good, requires much preparation, not only in solitude, but at rehearsal. It is not uncommon for a leading singer to create his own "business," giving all sorts of suggestions to the composer, the librettist, or the manager. One of the principal members of the American Opera Company, at the recent rehearsal of a new opera, kept the composer busy in making pencil notes of his wishes on the margin of the score. He suggested scores of changes, which in his judgment would facilitate him in making points before an audience. In all the lighter operas the best "business" of the principal singers is a growth that requires much more time and patience than does the knowledge how merely to sing their respective parts.

—Some surprise has been expressed that the late Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH should have left an estate of only $75,000 after so many years of successful lecturing. A friend of the great temperance advocate explains matters by a reference to Mr. GOUGH'S travelling expenses, his habit of lecturing for the benefit of charities, and his singular generosity of disposition. "Men of his temperament," he says, "do not hoard money." "The rare good health which Mr. GOUGH enjoyed," he adds, "and the enviable easiness of his death, are perhaps the most cogent arguments he ever adduced in favor of temperance."

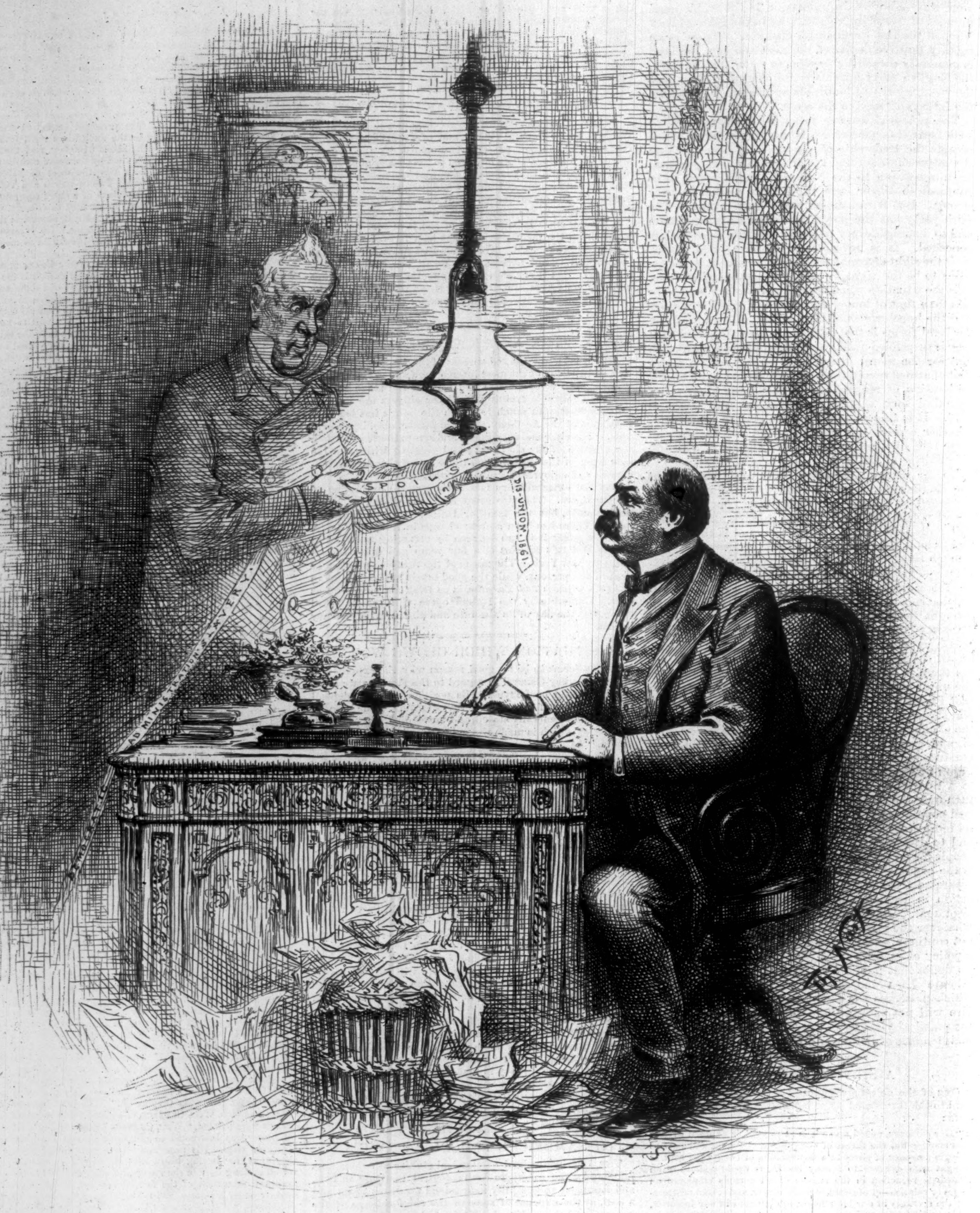
—An aged gypsy of the gentler sex, whose home is in New Jersey, predicts that Mr. THOMAS A. EDISON will soon astonish the world with inventions so important that all his previous triumphs will look puerile. She founds her prophecy upon the fact that the accomplished young heiress, Miss MINA MILLER, of Akron, Ohio, whom he has made his bride, is the seventh child of her father.

—A trustee of the New York Free Circulating Library sends us the following: "Let the Legislature appoint a commission of citizens whose names inspire trust to examine the whole matter of the proposed public library, and report a feasible scheme. Our experience shows that several branch libraries are likely to be more useful than a grand central library of the kind proposed by Alderman SANGER'S bill: the books should be placed where the people can conveniently get them. Then let the Legislature adopt that scheme which it approves, and make an appropriation to carry it out. To depend entirely upon private benefactions for the establishment and conduct of such an institution would not be practicable. But the trustees of the Free Circulating Library simply wish the best results to be secured without respect to persons. They have not the least desire to control the management of the proposed new library; on the contrary, they are ready to withdraw from their present work as soon as the field is covered by other agencies."

—In an eloquent lecture before the Harvard students on the 23d of February, the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS told those young gentlemen that he knew of no reason why a person who was thinking of entering the Christian ministry should neglect to do so from a fear that his speculative views might change afterward; that he was unable to see who should decide what the details of a man's theology should be; and that no more narrow-chested and weak-kneed ministers were wanted. The college gymnasium, he thought, was the best preparatory school for a student of theology.

—Some time ago Mr. WILL CARLETON visited one of the Iowa towns in his capacity as lecturer, and was duly placarded on the walls, "WILL CARLETON October 25." The next lecturer in the course was Hon. WILL CUMBACK, of Indiana. In view of this event posters were printed, "WILL CUMBACK December 11." The local bill-poster was instructed to put these bills in the place of the CARLETON ones. His paste must have been better than his orthography, for having heard that Mr. CARLETON was reëngaged for an evening later in the season, he supposed this to be a typographical statement of the fact, and so he posted the new bill directly under his name, and the unique announcement then read as follows, "WILL CARLETON WILL CUMBACK December 11," and remained on the walls of the town for several days, till rectified by somebody who knew how to spell.

—One of the most successful women in New York city is the soprano of a church choir up-town. She receives a salary of about $800 a year, and has so ingratiated herself into the feelings of her regular audience as to secure all the pupils she desires on very remunerative terms. The ladies of the congregation invite her to sing at private receptions, and often pay liberally for her services, and, when she announces her annual public concert, interest themselves in selling tickets for her. The Oratorio and Philharmonic societies sometimes ask her to sing at their concerts. She is living in much comfort, and is laying up money. But a well-known church organist of long experience declares that her case is exceptional. While admiring her natural gifts—especially her cleverness in getting the tenor of the choir to roll his eyes in wonder and look at her face when she is singing a solo in tones so soft and low that his object seems to be to ascertain whether she has not ceased altogether, although the congregation can hear her perfectly—he is convinced, after extensive observation, that the usual lot of the woman of fair average ability who tries to earn a living by singing is not a happy one. "She is subjected to endless mortifications in the search for engagements; no one of her engagements is permanent; and when her voice becomes impaired and her beauty decays, she is likely to be worse off than most of her competitors in the struggle for existence."



NOT A CONTINUATION.

PRESENT DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT TO LAST ONE. "That was a *dead stop*, Mr. BUCHANAN."

WINTER IN FLORENCE.

THOUGH Florence is not a town well suited for those who visit Italy in search of health, at least during the late and early months of the year, it is far from being an unpleasant winter resort for strangers who have a less melancholy reason for travelling. Still, even a foreigner is apt to find that a week of really cold weather is a period of trial, unless he occupies rooms with an exceptionally favorable aspect, or furnished with some modern appliance for heating. The old Italian fire-place is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape by the chimney, while most of the smoke is driven into the room. The poorer Florentines are even more unfortunate than the casual visitor, as they can seldom make any fire at all, except in the kitchen.

Those whose only business is pleasure may find some compensation for the discomfort of their rooms in the open air. The coldest days are generally sunny, and walks which, like the Lung' Arno, are protected from the wind are pleasantly warm during the mid-day hours. They are thronged by Florentines, who come forth to bask in the sunshine; but, like the lizards, which occasionally steal out of their holes for a similar purpose, they look depressed and lifeless. All the sprightliness of summer has vanished; the swift light grace of eye and gesture has given place to a forced and preoccupied energy; if glance or motion quicken, it is only in response to a conscious act of the will; the exuberance of life which at other times distinguishes both the Italian and the lizard is quite gone.

Twelfth-Night is the great winter festival of the Florentines, though it is now celebrated almost exclusively in domestic circles. After the children have fallen asleep, the mother takes their stockings away and fills clean ones with fruit, sweetmeats, and little presents, among which two or three pieces of charcoal carefully wrapped up in paper are usually to be found. These treasures are carefully hidden in different parts of the room, and as soon as the children wake, the search for the stockings begins. With some slight variations, a similar custom prevails, we believe, in Norway, though it is not observed on the same day. In the olden times the festival was celebrated with far greater splendor and had a more public character. A female image of "Santa Epifania" was borne through the town, boys walked in the procession with long glass trumpets, while other boys and girls followed singing hymns. It was probably such processions that suggested to Luca della Robbia several of the wonderful reliefs which are now the glory of the Bargello. The color is fading out of Italian life, as it always does before the advance of our modern civilization, and the only reminiscence of the old custom that remains is the habit of giving boys trumpets on the eve of Epiphany. They used always to be of glass, but some enterprising manufacturer has discovered that they are more durable and may be made more cheaply when metal is employed, so now the old glass trumpets are only to be found in the houses of the rich and noble. We are certainly progressing, but in what direction? That is a question to which political economy and art are apt to give different answers.

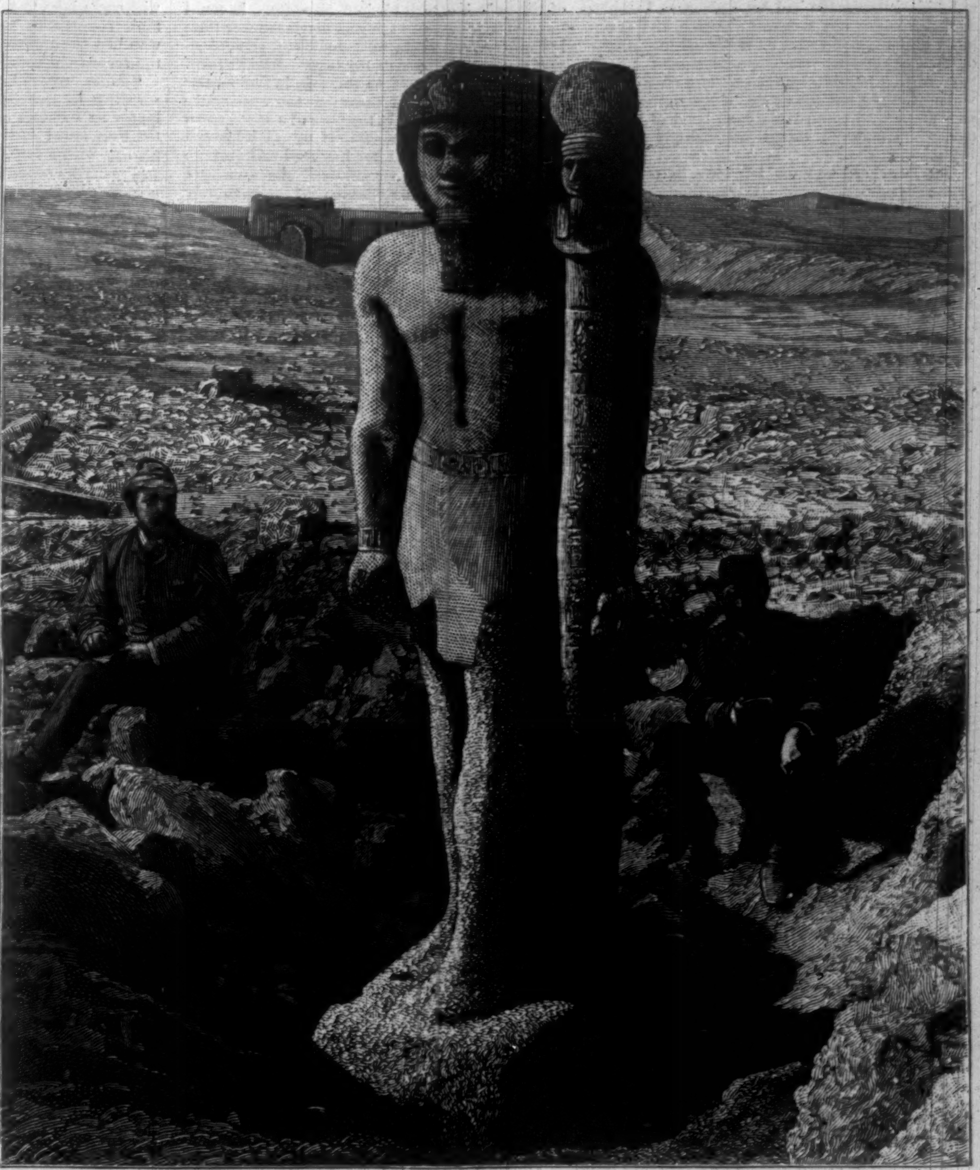
STATUE OF RAMESES II.

Near the village of Abookeer, in Egypt, not far from Alexandria, an interesting and a wonderfully well preserved statue of Rameses II. was accidentally unearthed in January. Men were digging for stone to repair a fort, under the direction of Middlemass Bey, of the Royal (British) Navy, when they found the image of the great king who reigned more than 3200 years ago prostrate where it had fallen, and been covered with earth and forgotten for centuries. The statue is of red granite, ten and a half feet high, in a standing position. The workmanship is of much more than the usual excellence of the Egyptian statuary that has been preserved, and is the more valuable because it is the only statue now known to exist of this great Rameses, save one which is badly mutilated. Professor Wilbour, the Egyptologist—who, by-the-way, is an American—deciphered the inscription, and ascertained the historic value of the "find." It will soon be removed to Alexandria, which has been despoiled of all its valuable antiquities except Pompey's Pillar. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph taken by Mr. Fiorillo, of Alexandria, after the statue had been set on its feet on the spot where it was discovered. The carved pillar on the left, surmounted with the bust of a child, is supposed to represent the son of the king, whom he is presenting to the people as his successor.

This Rameses II., who reigned for sixty-six or sixty-seven years, was the greatest builder of all the Pharaohs. The Ramesseum of Thebes and dozens of famous temples in almost all the ancient Egyptian cities were erected during his long reign, among them the magnificent subterranean temples in Nubia. Rameses had much fighting to do too, to keep the old enemies at bay, and when defensive work did not need to be done he made campaigns against the tribes of the upper Nile. He won great renown not only by the success of his armies, but by his personal bravery also. He, more than any other single historical personage, is the basis of the Greek legend of Sesostris, the great Egyptian warrior, who, the growing fable finally erroneously declared, conquered Persia and India, and was a pre-Alexandrian Alexander. He was—so the Egyptologists have made out—as cruel a tyrant as he was a generous patron of art and brave soldier, and his great monuments and temples were built by what in these days we should call convict labor, and among the convicts were many of the Semitic people who had made their homes in his kingdom, the Hebrews with the rest.

It was in the reign of Merneptah, the son of Rameses II., who is supposed to be represented by the child's bust on the pillar, that the exodus of the Israelites occurred. In the latter years of Rameses, when cruelty became his chief characteristic as a monarch, and he no longer cultivated art or war, the Hebrews began to become restive under oppression, and to prepare for the event which to most modern readers stands out more prominently than any other in Egyptian history. Even in the reign of the aged Rameses lower Egypt was invaded by the Pelasgians, who drove the natives out of the Delta; and a good part of the kingdom was wrested from him, and the dissensions and rebellions which made the reign of his son a memorably turbulent period began before the son acceded to power. It was not till the third Rameses came to the throne, several generations later, that Egypt regained the power and glory it had known under the great Pharaoh, whose statue the British naval officer had the luck to unearth, and excite the envy of professional antiquarians.

Egypt has been despoiled by all the scholars and antiquarians and relic hunters of most of her movable relics—even obelisks, as we have good reason to know. Many of these antiquities have been given away, as the obelisk in Central Park, New York, was given by the Khedive, many have been purchased, but many have been stolen. The discovery of this valuable specimen of sculpture of such great antiquity has therefore already excited the greed and curiosity of the antiquarians. It is regarded as a proper disposition of it to place it in a proper position in the city of Alexandria. Nubar Pasha has given his consent to this plan. Middlemass Bey will have it removed from its bed to the city, and it will henceforth be one of the prime attractions of this Egyptian capital.



"LUCETTA FLUNG BACK THE CURTAIN WITH A NERVOUS GREETING."

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

We go back for a moment to the preceding night to account for Henchard's attitude.

At the hour when Elizabeth Jane was contemplating her stealthy reconnoitring excursion to the abode of the lady of her fancy, he was not a little amazed at receiving a letter by hand in Lucetta's well-known characters. The self-repression, the resignation, of her previous communication had vanished from her mood; she wrote with some of the natural lightness which had marked her in their early acquaintance.

"High Street Hall.

"My dear Michael,—Don't be surprised. It is for your good and mine, as I hope, that I have come to live at Casterbridge—for how long I cannot tell. That depends upon another; and he is a man, and a merchant, and a Mayor, and one who has the first right to my affections.

"Seriously, Michael, I am not so light-hearted as I may seem to be from this. I have come here in consequence of hearing of the death of your wife—whom you used to think of as dead so many years before. Poor woman, she seems to have been a sufferer, though uncomplaining; and though weak in intellect, not an imbecile. I spoke to her once in passing through the town. I am glad you acted fairly by her. As soon as I knew she was no more, it was brought home to me very forcibly by my conscience that we ought to repair our former mistake as soon as we decently could. I hope you are of the same mind, and that you will take steps to this end. As, however, I did not know how you were situated, or what had happened since our separation, I decided to come and establish myself here before communicating with you.

"You probably feel as I do about this. I shall be able to see you in a day or two. Till then farewell. Yours, Lucetta."

Henchard had already heard that High Street Hall was being prepared for a tenant. He said with a puzzled air to the first person he encountered, "Who is coming to live at the Hall?"

"A lady of the name of Templeman, I believe, sir," said his informant.

Henchard thought it over. "Lucetta is governess or housekeeper there, I suppose," he said to himself. "Yes, I must put her in her proper position, undoubtedly."

It was by no means with the oppression that would once have accompanied the thought that he regarded the moral necessity now; it was, indeed, with interest, if not warmth. His bitter disappointment at finding Elizabeth Jane to be none of his, and himself a childless man, had left an emotional void in Henchard that he unconsciously craved to fill. In this frame of mind, though without strong feeling, he had strolled up the blind alley and into High Street Hall by the postern at which Elizabeth had so nearly encountered him. He had gone on thence into the court, and inquired of a man whom he saw unpacking china from a crate, if Miss Le Sueur was living there. Miss Le Sueur had been the name under which he had known and married Lucetta.

The man replied in the negative—that Miss Templeman only had come. Henchard went away, concluding that Lucetta had not as yet settled in.

He was in this interested stage of the inquiry when he witnessed Elizabeth Jane's departure the next day. On hearing her announce the address there suddenly took possession of him the strange thought that Lucetta and Miss Templeman were one and the same person, for he could recall that in her season of intimacy with him the name of the rich relative whom he had deemed somewhat

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a mythical personage had been given as Templeman. Though not a fortune-hunter, the possibility that Lucetta had been sublimed into a lady of means by some munificent testament on the part of this relative lent a charm to her image which it might not otherwise have acquired. He was getting on toward the dead level of middle age, when material things increasingly possess the mind.

But Henchard was not left long in suspense. Lucetta was rather addicted to scribbling, as had been shown by the torrent of letters after the *fiasco* in their marriage arrangements, and hardly had Elizabeth Jane gone away when another note came to the Mayor's house from High Street Hall.

"I am in residence," she said, "and comfortable, though getting here has been a wearisome undertaking. You probably know what I am going to tell you, or do you not? My good aunt Templeman, the banker's widow, whose very existence you used to doubt, leave alone her affluence, has lately died, and bequeathed a great deal of her property to me. I will not enter into details except to say that I have taken her name.

"I am now my own mistress, and have chosen to be tenant of High Street Hall, that at least you may be put to no trouble if you wish to see me. My first intention was to keep you in ignorance of the changes in my life till you should meet me by accident, but I have thought better of this.

"You probably are aware of my arrangements with your daughter, and have doubtless laughed at the—what shall I call it?—practical joke (in all affection) of my getting her to live with me. But my first meeting with her was purely an accident. Do you see, Michael, why I have done it?—why, to give you an excuse for coming here as if solely to visit *her*, and thus to form my acquaintance naturally. She is a dear, good girl, and she thinks you have treated her with undue severity. You may have done so in your haste, but not deliberately, I am sure. As the result has been to bring her to me, I am not disposed to upbraid you.—In haste, yours always,

"LUCETTA."

The excitement which these announcements produced in Henchard's gloomy soul was to him most pleasurable. He sat over his dining-table long and dreamily, and by an almost mechanical transfer the sentiments which had run to waste since his estrangement from Elizabeth Jane and Donald Farfrae gathered around Lucetta before they had grown dry. She was in a very coming-on disposition for marriage; of that there could be no doubt. But what else could a poor woman be who had given herself to him so unluckily at first? There was no doubt that conscience no less than affection had brought her here. On the whole he did not blame her.

"The artful little woman!" he said, smiling (with reference to Lucetta's adroit and pleasant manœuvre with Elizabeth Jane).

To feel that he would like to see Lucetta was with Henchard to start for her house. He put on his hat and went. It was between eight and nine o'clock when he reached her door. The answer brought him was that Miss Templeman was engaged for that evening, but that she would be happy to see him the next day.

"That's rather like giving herself airs!" he thought. But, after all, she plainly had not expected him, and he took the refusal quietly. Nevertheless, he resolved not to go next day. "These cursed women—there's not an inch of straight grain in 'em!" he said.

Let us follow the track of Mr. Henchard's thought as if it were a clew-line, and view the interior of High Street Hall on this particular evening.

On Elizabeth Jane's arrival she had been phlegmatically asked by an elderly woman to go upstairs and take off her things. She had replied with great earnestness that she would not think of giving that trouble, and on the instant divested herself of her bonnet and cloak in the passage. She was then conducted to the first door on the landing, and left to find her way further alone.

The room disclosed was prettily furnished as a boudoir or small drawing-room, and on a sofa with two cylindrical pillows reclined a dark-haired, large-eyed, handsome woman. She was probably not much older than Elizabeth Jane, and had a sparkling light in her eye. In front of the sofa was a small table, with a pack of cards scattered upon it faces upward.

The attitude had been so full of abandonment that she bounded up like a spring on hearing the door open.

Perceiving that it was Elizabeth Jane, she lapsed into ease, and came across to her with a reckless skip that innate grace only prevented from being boisterous.

"Why, you are late," she said, taking hold of Elizabeth Jane's hands.

"There were so many little things to put up."

"And you seem dead-alive and tired. Let me try to enliven you by some wonderful tricks I have learned, to kill time. Sit there and don't move." She gathered up the pack of cards, pulled the table in front of her, and began to deal them rapidly, telling Elizabeth Jane to choose some.

"Well, have you chosen?" she asked, flinging down the last card.

"No," stammered Elizabeth, arousing herself from a reverie. "I quite forgot, I was thinking of—you, and me—and how strange it is that I am here."

Miss Templeman looked at Elizabeth Jane with interest, and laid down the cards. "Ah! you are another sort than that," she said. "I'll lie here while you sit by me; and we'll talk."

Elizabeth Jane drew up silently to the head of the sofa, but with obvious pleasure. It could be seen that in years she was much younger than her entertainer, while in manner and general vision she seemed more of the sage. Miss Templeman deposited herself on the sofa in her former flexuous position, and throwing her arm above her brow—somewhat in the pose of a well-known conception of Titian's—talked up at Elizabeth Jane invertedly across her forehead and arm.

"I must tell you something," she said. "I wonder if you have suspected it? I have only been a lady a little while."

"Oh! only a little while?" murmured Elizabeth Jane, her countenance slightly falling.

"But I was fit for it all my life—in education at least. I should not have mentioned this had I not thought it best you should know the truth."

"Yes, yes." She looked thoughtfully round the room—at the little square piano with brass inlayings, at the window curtains, at the lamp, at the fair and dark kings and queens on the card table, and finally at the inverted face of Lucetta Templeman, whose large lustrous eyes had such an odd effect upside down. "How did you know the way to dress so well," she murmured, "if you have not been a lady long?"

"I went to Paris to the largest *magasin*, and said, 'Make me fashionable,' holding out some bank-notes. They half stripped me, and put on me what they chose. Four women hovered round me, fixed me on a pedestal like an image, and arranged me and pinned me and stitched me and padded me. When it was over I told them to send several more dresses of the same size, and so it was done."

"But how did you tell them to do this in a foreign land?"

"Oh, I speak their language."

"Then you *are* a lady. And it's humility that made you say otherwise," cried Elizabeth Jane, recovering from the disappointment engendered by the news that wealth and luxury were as new to Miss Templeman as to herself.

"Well, for that matter, in my country speaking French does not make a lady of any one. It is rather the other way."

"Where is your country?"

It was with rather more reluctance that Miss Templeman said, "Jersey. There they speak French on one side of the street and English on the other, and a mixed tongue in the middle of the road. But it is a long time since I was there. Bath is where my people really belong to, though my ancestors in Jersey were as good as anybody in England. They were the Le Sueurs, an old family who have done great things in their time. But I don't value such past matters, and am quite an English person in my feelings and tastes."

Lucetta's tongue had for a moment outrun her discretion. She had arrived at Casterbridge as a Bath lady, and there were obvious reasons why Jersey should drop out of her life. But Elizabeth had tempted her to make free, and a deliberately formed resolve had been broken.

It could not, however, have been broken in safer company. Lucetta's words went no further, and after this day she was so much upon her guard that there appeared no chance of her identification with the young Jersey woman who had saved Henchard's life.

Expectancy sat visibly upon Lucetta the next morning. She dressed herself for Mr. Henchard, and restlessly awaited his call before mid-day; as he did not come, she waited on through the afternoon. But she did not tell Elizabeth Jane that the person expected was her step-father.

They sat in adjoining upper windows of the same room nearly the whole time, netting, and looking out upon the market, which formed an animated scene. Elizabeth could see the crown of her step-father's hat among the rest beneath, and was not aware that Lucetta watched the same object with yet intenser interest. He moved about amid the throng, at this point lively as an ant-hill; elsewhere more reposeful, and broken up by stalls of fruit and vegetables. The farmers as a rule preferred the open *carrefour* for their transactions, despite its inconvenient jostlings and the danger from crossing vehicles, to the gloomy sheltered market-room provided for them. Here they surged on this one day of the week, forming a little world of leggings, switches, and sample-bags; men of extensive stomachs, sloping like mountain-sides, on which watch chains meandered as rivulets; men whose heads in walking swayed as the trees in November gales; who in conversing varied their attitudes much, lowering themselves by spreading their knees, so as to form a lozenge-like opening between them, and thrusting their hands into the pockets of remote inner jackets, the outer ones being inappreciatively flung back for the purpose. Their faces radiated tropical warmth; for though when at home their countenances varied with the seasons—turning bun-colored in summer, in winter approaching the pink of dawn, and even occasionally purple or pale—their market faces in all seasons were glowing little fires.

All over-clothes here were worn as if they were an inconvenience, a hampering necessity. Some men were well dressed; but the majority were careless in that respect, appearing in suits not worth half a crown from a clothier's point of view, but which were historical records of their wearers' deeds, sun-scorchings, and daily struggles for many years past. Yet they carried ruffled check-books in their pockets which regulated at the bank hard by a balance of never less than four figures. In fact, what these gibbous human shapes specially represented was ready money—money insistently ready—not ready next year, like a nobleman's—often not merely ready at the bank, like a professional man's, but ready in their large plump hands.

It happened that to-day there rose in the midst of them all two or three tall apple-trees, standing as if they grew on the spot, till it was perceived that they were held by men from the cider districts who came here to sell them, bringing the clay of their country on their boots. Elizabeth Jane, who had often observed them, said, "I wonder if the same trees come every week?"

"What trees?" said Lucetta, absorbed in watching for Henchard. Elizabeth replied vaguely, for an incident checked her. Behind one of the trees stood Farfrae, briskly discussing a sample-bag with a farmer. Henchard had come up, accidentally encountering the young man, whose face seemed to inquire, "Do we speak together?"

She saw her step-father throw a shine into his eye, which answered, "No!" Elizabeth Jane sighed.

"Are you particularly interested in anybody out there?" said Lucetta.

"Oh no," said her companion, a quick red shooting over her face.

Luckily, Farfrae's figure was immediately covered by the apple-tree.

Lucetta looked hard at her. "Quite sure?" she said.

"Oh yes," said Elizabeth Jane.

Again Lucetta looked out. "They are all farmers, I suppose?" she said.

"No. There's Mr. Bulge—he's a wine-merchant; there's Benjamin Brownlet—a horse-dealer; and Kitson, the pig-breeder; and Yopper, the auctioneer; besides maltsters, and millers—and so on." Farfrae stood out quite distinctly now, but she did not mention him.

The Saturday afternoon slipped on thus desultorily. The market changed from the sample-showing hour to the idle hour before starting homeward, when tales were told. Henchard had not called on Lucetta, though she had stood so near. He must have been too busy, she thought. He would come on Sunday, or Monday.

The days came, but not the visitor, though Lucetta repeated her dressing with scrupulous care. She was disheartened. It may at once be declared that Lucetta no longer bore toward Henchard all that warm allegiance which had characterized her in their first acquaintance; the most unfortunate issue of things had chilled pure love considerably. But there remained a conscientious wish to establish her union with him, now that there was nothing to hinder it—to right her position, which in itself was a happiness to sigh for. With strong social reasons on her side why their marriage should no longer continue void, there had ceased to be any worldly reason on his why its ratification should be postponed, since she had succeeded to comparative fortune.

Tuesday was the great Candlemas fair. At breakfast she said to Elizabeth Jane quite coolly: "I imagine your father may call to see you to-day? I suppose he stands close by in the market-place, with the rest of the corn-dealers?"

She shook her head. "He won't come."

"Why?"

"He has taken against me," she said, in a husky voice.

"You have quarrelled more deeply than I know of?"

Elizabeth, wishing to shield the man she believed to be her father from any charge of unnatural dislike, said, "Yes."

"Then where you are is, of all places, the one he will avoid?"

Elizabeth Jane nodded sadly.

Lucetta looked blank, twitched up her lovely eyebrows and lip, and burst into hysterical sobs. Here was a *contretemps*—her ingenious scheme completely stultified!

"Oh, my dear Miss Templeman—what's the matter?" cried her companion.

"I like your company much," said Lucetta, as soon as she could speak.

"Yes, yes—and so do I yours!" Elizabeth chimed in, soothingly.

"But—but—" She could not finish the sentence, which was, naturally, that if Henchard had such a rooted dislike for the girl as now seemed to be the case, Elizabeth Jane would have to be got rid of—a disagreeable necessity.

A provisional resource suggested itself. "Miss Henchard, will you go on an errand for me as soon as breakfast is over? Ah, that's very good of you. Will you go and order—" Here she enumerated several commissions at sundry shops, which would occupy Elizabeth Jane's time for the next hour or two, at least.

"And have you ever seen the Museum?"

Elizabeth Jane had not.

"Then you should do so at once. You can finish the morning by going there. It is an old house in a back street—I forget where—but you'll find out; and there are crowds of interesting things—skeletons, teeth, old pots and pans, ancient boots and shoes, birds' eggs—all charmingly instructive. You'll be sure to stay till you get quite hungry."

Elizabeth hastily put on her things and departed. "I wonder why she wants to get rid of me to-day?" she said, sorrowfully, as she went. That her absence, rather than her services or instruction, was in request, had been readily apparent to Elizabeth Jane, simple as she seemed, and difficult as it was to attribute a motive for the desire.

She had not been gone ten minutes when Lucetta's servant was sent to Henchard's with a note. The contents were, briefly:

"DEAR MICHAEL,—You will be standing close to my house to-day for two or three hours in the course of your business, so do please call and see me. I am sadly disappointed that you have not come before, for can I help anxiety about my own equivocal position—especially now my aunt's fortune has brought me more prominently before society? Your daughter's presence here may be the cause of your neglect, and I have therefore sent her away for the morning. Say you come on business. I shall be quite alone.

"LUCETTA."

When the messenger returned, her mistress gave directions that if a gentleman called he was to be admitted at once, and sat down to await results.

Sentimentally she did not much care to see him—his delays had wearied her; but it was necessary; and with a sigh she arranged herself picturesquely in the chair, first this way, then that; next so that the light fell over her head. Next she flung herself on the couch in the *cyma recta* curve which so became her, and, with her arm over her head, looked toward the door. This, she decided, was the best position, after all; and thus she remained till a man's step was heard on the stairs. Whereupon Lucetta, forgetting her curve (for Nature was too strong for Art as yet), jumped up, and ran and hid herself behind one of the window curtains in a freak of timidity. In spite of the waning of passion, the situation was an agitating one. She had not seen Henchard since his (supposed) temporary parting from her after their few days of union.

She could hear the servant showing the visitor into the room, shutting the door upon him, and leaving as if to go and look for her mistress. Lucetta flung back the curtain with a nervous greeting.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The man before her was not Henchard. A conjecture that such might be the case had, indeed, flashed through her mind when she was on the point of bursting out, but it was just too late to recede.

He was years younger than the Mayor of Casterbridge; fair, fresh, and slenderly handsome. He wore drab cloth leggings with white buttons, boots with infinite lace holes, light cord breeches, and black velveteen coat and waistcoat, and he had a switch in his hand. Lucetta blushed, and said, with a curious mixture of pout and laugh on her face, "Oh, I've made a mistake!"

The visitor, on the contrary, did not laugh half a wrinkle. "But I'm very sorry!" he said, in deprecating tones. "I came and I inquired for Miss Henchard, and they showed me up here, and at no hand would I have caught ye so unmannerly if I had known."

"I was the unmannerly one," said she.

"But is it that I have come to the wrong house, madam?" said Mr. Farfrae, blinking a little in his bewilderment, and nervously tapping his legging with his switch.

"Oh no, sir; sit down. You must come and sit down, now you are here," replied Lucetta, kindly, to relieve his embarrassment. "Miss Henchard will be here directly."

Now this was not strictly true; but that same something about the young man—that Hyperborean crispness, constringency, and charm, as of a well-braced musical instrument—which had awakened the interest of Henchard, and of Elizabeth Jane, and of the King of Prussia's crew, at sight, made his unexpected presence here attractive to Lucetta. He hesitated, looked at the chair, thought there was no danger in it (though there was), and sat down.

Farfrae's presence here was simply the result of Henchard's permission to him to see Elizabeth Jane, if he were minded to woo her. At first he had taken no notice of Henchard's brusque letter; but an exceptionally fortunate business transaction put him on good terms with everybody, and revealed to him that he could undeniably marry if he chose. Then who so pleasing, thrifty, and satisfactory in every way as Elizabeth Jane? Apart from her personal recommendations, a reconciliation with his former friend Henchard would, in the natural course of things, flow from such a union. He therefore forgave the Mayor his curtness; and this morning on his way to the fair he had called at her house, where he learned that she was staying at Miss Templeman's. A little stimulated at not finding her ready and waiting—so fanciful are men—he hastened on to High Street Hall, to encounter no Elizabeth, but Lucetta herself.

"The fair to-day seems a large one," she said, when, by a natural deviation, their eyes sought the busy scene without. "Your numerous fairs and markets keep me interested. How many things I think of while I watch from here!"

He seemed to doubt how to answer, and the babble without reached them as they sat—voices as of wavelets on a lopping sea, one ever and anon rising above the rest. "Do you look out often?" he asked.

"Yes, very often."

"Do you look for any one you know?"

Why should she have answered as she did? "I look as at a picture merely. But," she went on, turning pleasantly to him, "I may do so now; I may look for you. You are always there, are you not? Ah—I don't mean it seriously! But it is amusing to look for somebody one knows in a crowd, even if one does not want him. It takes off the terrible oppressiveness of being surrounded by a throng, and having no point of junction with it through a single individual."

"Ah! And is it that you are lonely, ma'am?"

"Nobody knows how lonely."

"But you are rich, they say?"

"If so, I don't know how to enjoy my riches. I came to Casterbridge thinking I should like to live here. But I wonder if I shall."

"Where did ye come from, ma'am?"

"The neighborhood of Bath."

"And I from near Edinboro'," he murmured. "It's better to stay at home, and that's true; but a man must live where his money is made. It is a great pity, but it's even so! Yet I've done very well this year. Oh yes," he went on, with ingenuous enthusiasm; "you see that man with the drab kerseymere coat? I bought largely of him in the autumn when wheat was down, and then afterward, when it rose a little, I sold off all I had. It brought only a small profit to me; while the farmers kept theirs, expecting higher figures, yes, though the rats were gnawing the

ricks hollow. Just when I sold the markets went lower, and I bought up the corn of those who had been holding back at less price than my first purchases. And then," cried Farfrae, impetuously, his face alight, "I sold it a few weeks after, when it happened to go up again! And so, by contenting myself with small profits frequently repeated, I soon made five hundred pounds—yes!"—bringing down his hand upon the table, and quite forgetting where he was—"while the others by keeping theirs in hand made nothing at all!"

Lucetta regarded him with a critical interest. He was quite a new type of person to her. At last his eyes fell upon the lady's, and their glances met.

"Ah, now, I'm a-wearying you!" he exclaimed.

She said, "No, indeed," coloring a trifle.

"What, then?"

"Quite otherwise. You are most interesting."

It was now Farfrae who showed the modest pink.

"I mean all you Scotchmen," she added, in hasty correction. "So free from Southern extremes. We common people are all one way or the other—warm or cold, passionate or frigid. You have both temperatures going on in you at the same time."

"But how do you mean that? Ye were best to explain clearly, ma'am."

"You are animated—then you are thinking of getting on. You are sad the next moment—then you are thinking of Scotland and friends."

"Yes. I think of home sometimes," he said, simply.

"So do I—as far as I can. But it was an old house where I was born, and they pulled it down for improvements, so I seem hardly to have any home to think of now."

Lucetta did not add, as she might have done, that the house was in St. Helier, and not in Bath.

"But the mountains and the mists and the rocks, they are there. And don't they seem like home?"

She shook her head.

"They do to me—they do to me," he murmured. And his mind could be seen flying away northward. Whether its origin were national or personal, it was quite true what Lucetta had said, that the curious double strand in Farfrae's thread of life—the commercial and the romantic—was very distinct at times. Like the colors in a variegated cord, those contrasts could be seen intertwisted, yet not mingling.

"You are wishing you were back again," said she.

"Ah, no, ma'am," said Farfrae, suddenly recalling himself.

The fair without the windows was now raging thick and loud. It was the chief hiring fair of the year, and differed quite from the market of a few days earlier. In substance it was a whity-brown crowd flecked with white—this being the body of laborers waiting for places. The wing-bonnets of women like wagon tilts, their cotton gowns and checked shawls, mixed also with the carters' smock-frocks, for they too entered into the hiring. Among the rest, at the corner of the pavement, stood an old shepherd, who attracted the eyes of Lucetta and Farfrae by his stillness. He was evidently a chastened man. The battle of life had been a sharp one with him, for, to begin with, he was a man of small frame. He was now so bowed by hard work and years that, approaching from behind, a person could hardly see his head. He had planted the stem of his crook in the gutter, and was resting upon the bow, which was polished to silver brightness by the long friction of his hands. He had quite forgotten where he was, and what he had come for, his eyes being bent on the ground. A little way off negotiations were proceeding which had reference to him, but he did not hear them, and there seemed to be passing through his mind pleasant visions of the hiring successes of his prime, when his skill laid open to him any farm for the asking.

The negotiations were between a farmer from a distant county and the old man's son. In these there was a difficulty. The farmer would not take the crust without the crumb of the bargain, in other words, the old man without the younger; and the son had a sweetheart on his present farm, who stood by, waiting the issue with pale lips.

"I'm sorry to leave ye, Nelly," said the young man, with emotion. "But, you see, I can't starve father, and he's out o' work at Lady Day. 'Tis only seventy mile."

The girl's lip quivered. "Seventy mile!" she murmured. "Ah! 'tis enough! I shall never see 'ee again!" It was, indeed, a hopeless length of traction for Dan Cupid's magnet; for young men were young men at Casterbridge as elsewhere.

"Oh, no, no, I never shall," she insisted, when he pressed her hand; and she turned her face to Lucetta's wall to hide her weeping. The farmer said he would give the young man half an hour for his answer, and went away, leaving the group sorrowing.

Lucetta's eyes, full of tears, met Farfrae's. His too, to her surprise, were moist at the scene.

"It is very hard," she said, with strong feeling. "Lovers ought not to be parted like that. Oh, if I had my wish I'd let people live and love at their pleasure."

"Maybe I can manage that they'll not be parted," said Farfrae. "I want a young carter, and perhaps I'll take the old man too—yes; he'll not be very expensive, and doubtless he will answer me purpose somehow."

"Oh! you are so good," she cried, delighted. "Go and tell them, and let me know if you have succeeded."

Farfrae went out, and she saw him speak to the group. The eyes of all brightened; the bargain was soon struck. Farfrae returned to her immediately it was concluded.

"It is kind-hearted of you indeed," said Lucetta. "For my part, I have resolved that all my servants shall have lovers if they want them. Do you make the same resolve?"

Farfrae looked more serious, waving his head a half-turn. "I fear I must be a little stricter than you," he said.

"Why?"

"You are a woman of means—a thriving lady; and I am a struggling hay and corn dealer."

"I am a very recent lady."

"Ah, well, I cannot explain. I don't know how to talk to ladies, new or old, and that's true," said Donald, with grave regret. "I try to be civil to a' folk—no more."

"It is quite true. I see you are as you say," replied she, sensibly getting the upper hand in these exchanges of sentiment. Under this revelation of insight Farfrae again looked out of the window into the thick of the fair.

Two farmers met and shook hands, and being quite near the window their remarks could be heard as others' had been.

"Have ye seen young Mr. Farfrae this morning?" asked one. "He promised to meet me here at the stroke of twelve; but I've gone athwart and about the fair half a dozen times, and never a sign of him; though he's mostly a man to his word."

"I quite forgot the engagement," murmured Farfrae.

"Now you must go," said she; "must you not?"

"Yes," he replied. But he still remained.

"You had better go," she urged. "You will lose a customer."

"Now, Miss Templeman, you will make me angry," exclaimed Farfrae.

"Then suppose you don't go; but stay a little longer?"

He looked anxiously at the farmer who was seeking him, and who just then ominously walked across to where Henchard was standing, and he looked into the room and at her. "I like staying; but I fear I must go," he said. "Business ought not to be neglected, ought it?"

"Not for a single minute."

"And it's true. I'll come another time—if I may?"

She gave him her hand. "Certainly," she said. "What has happened to us to-day is very curious."

"Something to think over when we are alone, it's like to be."

"Oh! I don't know that. It is commonplace, after all."

"No; I'll not say that. Oh no!"

"Well, whatever it has been, it is now over; and the market calls you to be gone."

"Yes, yes. Market—business! I wish there were no business in the warrld."

Lucetta almost laughed—she would quite have laughed—but that there was a little emotion going on in her at the time. "How you change!" she said. "You should not change like this."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE.

"LEWIS WALLACE," remarks the chronicler of Indiana's share in the war for the Union, "handles the pen and the brush with ease and taste." And after paying tribute also to his skill as a lawyer, the historian adds, "But his genius is military." During General WALLACE's administration as Governor of New Mexico he turned his legal and literary and military attainments to such good purpose that it was said his genius was executive. As Minister of the United States to Turkey, he established a reputation as a diplomatist; and his religious romance, *Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ*, has become one of the most popular of American novels. Since the judgment was pronounced twenty years ago that his genius is military, it has therefore been shown that he has at least talent of a high order for politics, diplomacy, and literature.

Though General WALLACE has gained distinction in such a variety of pursuits, he has not yet reached his sixtieth year; and he is as hale in body as when he first won his spurs, and as youthful in mind as when his pen first attracted local attention. Instructed in law by his father, who was Governor of Indiana, at an early age he was admitted to the bar at Crawfordsville. The records of the courts show that he did not neglect his profession. But his activity refused to be confined to any one kind of labor, and nearly forty years ago he betrayed the fondness for writing that has now made him more famous even than his military or diplomatic achievements. Without rigid training as a scholar in early life, he became a student of literature; without association with artists, he became an amateur painter; and while he was laying the foundations of a practice at the law, as a volunteer, though hardly past his youth, he entered the army in the war with Mexico, and won the rank of Second Lieutenant in the First Indiana Volunteers. While he was in service in Mexico he became interested in Mexican history, and his studies many years later bore fruit in *The Fair God; or, the Last of the 'Tzins: A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico*, which was published in 1874. When he returned to his profession he found recreation in military studies, and he instructed a company of militia in the manœuvres of NAPOLEON's Zouaves.

Though he was lawyer, writer, painter, and tactician, his activity forced him also into politics, and he was elected a member of the Indiana Legislature. When the war for the Union began he was Adjutant-General of the State, and his Zouaves, under his command, volunteered for three months' service. They took part in the battle of Romney, in West Virginia, and so distinguished themselves under his leadership in that campaign that they were reorganized as the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers, and were ordered to Missouri. There Colonel WALLACE rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. He led a division at the capture of Fort Donelson, and he was the first Federal officer of rank who entered the fort. On that memorable morning he breakfasted with his old friend General BUCKNER, the Confederate commander. For gallantry he was now promoted to the rank of Major-General, and he was complimented for his brave conduct in the battle of Shiloh.

Although after the war General WALLACE was active in military and political discussion, he rested on the honors he had won in war for nearly ten years, and then turned seriously to literary work. His Mexican romance was by some hailed as "the great American novel," and by reason of such high praise it provoked correspondingly severe criticism. Though it has been published twelve years, it is yet among the books that are seldom left long on the shelves of the circulating libraries. As a "first novel" it was remarkably successful. In 1878 President HAYES appointed him Governor of New Mexico, and during his residence there he resumed continuous literary work, and *Ben Hur* came from the press in 1880. The readers of this extraordinary romance owe the pleasure and profit they have got from it to a suggestion unconsciously made by Colonel ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. General WALLACE met Colonel INGERSOLL on the train, and they sat down for a long talk.

"What shall we talk about?" asked the distinguished unbeliever.

"Oh, I don't care," replied General WALLACE.

"Let's discuss religion, then," said INGERSOLL; and he recited his arguments and exercised his wit against Christianity until, to use General WALLACE's own words, "somehow I felt ashamed of myself." In a general way General WALLACE had accepted the Christian religion, but he had not investigated its history nor grounded himself in its faith. He now set seriously to work at religious study. He became devoutly convinced of its truth, and determined to embody his conviction and his reasons for it in a romance.

The boldness of such a literary venture did not at first commend *Ben Hur*. The readers of novels were not accustomed to consider the Wise Men of the East, Joseph, and Mary, and Jesus as proper *dramatis personæ*, nor the scenes of New Testament history as events to be dealt with in a romance. But the religious seriousness of the book, its descriptions of places and customs, and most of all its realistic treatment of a great fact, and incidentally of the great Person, so far from being a violation of the laws of romance, were found to be a dedication of them to a higher purpose than the readers of fiction had before known. The religious public found it as instructive as it was thrilling, and the clergy themselves realized that the powers of the historical novelist had been used to make plain the great historical facts that they themselves taught from the pulpit.

A Tale of the Christ has taken a place, therefore, in our popular literature that is unique. Regarded historically, it is a severely realistic description of society and government, both Jewish and Roman, during the life of Jesus. Regarded as a romance, it is a story of oppression and heroism and faith, in which the most startling forces that a novelist can command play a natural part: Roman oppression, the religious culture of the Jews, the wisdom of the men of the East, the divine power of Christ—all these as they come naturally into play in the events of individual life of the time. We follow the fortunes of provincial politicians, of Arabic potentates, of Hebraic scholars, of galley-slaves, of gladiators, of merchant princes of the Mediterranean, of lepers, of bond-slaves and masters, of scoffers, doubters, and believers. Persons in whom the reader becomes most deeply interested are healed of leprosy by Jesus. Ben Hur, the Jewish hero himself, follows the crowd that goes to the cross at the crucifixion. The life of Christ intersects the story at every turn. How every class of men regarded Him is shown, not merely told, and the climax is the acceptance of Him by the leading characters of the romance as the universal Saviour. The growth of faith is narrated as in the commonplace love story the reader follows the development of affection between two persons. Yet *Ben Hur* itself is a story of Jewish and Roman lovers, and is none the less a novel because it is religious.

It has thus happened, doubtless to General WALLACE's own surprise, and certainly to the surprise of his early friends, that he has won his most lasting fame with his pen, and as the author of perhaps the most popular religious romance in the language. The sales of *Ben Hur* have doubled every year since its publication. The variety of his accomplishments and his intellectual activity have made him as great a favorite in society as his bravery and *bonhomie* made him among his military comrades. His manners are the manners of an accomplished soldier rather than of a man of letters, though there is in his bearing a certain unsoldierly but not ungallant modesty. In his writings there is a constant tendency to military pomp, and his best descriptions are of processions and of deeds of daring. His carriage is yet erect, and his manner is that of a man constantly active, but without nervousness. His straight hair is thinner than it was twenty years ago, and has lost something of its glossy blackness. His eyes are small and piercing, and the somewhat delicate appearance of his earlier years, when his cheeks were not so full as they are now, has changed to a more robust look. He has continued to develop both physically and mentally past the time of life when most men reach their maturity. He retains the uncommon faculty of turning to new subjects and new kinds of subjects, and mastering them with youthful zeal. During his residence of three years at Constantinople he became interested not only in his official duties, but in such political, literary, and archæological questions as his acquaintance and studies there brought to his attention. During his service as Minister to Turkey he gained the confidence of the Sultan, and since the appointment of his successor he has made a flying visit to Constantinople, from which he has but recently returned. General WALLACE is so rapid and untiring a worker that it is possible his sojourn in the East may suggest work that he himself has not anticipated. It is worth while to remember that it was as a recreation that he laid the foundations both of his military and his literary fame.

THE TAX-PAYERS OF NEW YORK.

A FRENCH writer some years ago gave an account of "the accursed races"—the oppressed and overburdened. He might have added to his list the New York tax-payer. This abject class has long been made to bear the burdens of an endless waste, a ceaseless outlay, an overwhelming debt. It would be amusing if it were not so disheartening to recall the strange purposes to which the money of the city has been applied. In the time of Tweed it was sent to the West to control elections in Indiana and Ohio; it was freely used in all times to feed the Democratic treasury. The excessive salaries paid to Democratic officials have long been the curse and peril of the nation. Fast horses, gambling, the vices and the audacity of the days of Cataline, have marked at times the careers of our city politicians. In the rule of the "Ring" the city officials were known by the enormous diamonds in which they invested their gains.

Much of this money has gone to the support of Roman Catholic schools, colleges, and churches. The "Foundling Asylum" and the "Protectory" and countless other associations have been fastened upon the city treasury. Much of it has passed into the hands of Fenians and Leagues in Ireland; much in the form of Peter-pence has reached the Vatican. It has swelled the fortunes of foreign bankers; it has been wasted in useless contracts. In the recent record of city expenses $1,400,000 is charged for a bill of meters—an utter waste. The money has gone in fees, legal and illegal; in salaries to worthless officials; in loans to Democratic editors, and sometimes unfaithful Republicans. The New York city treasury has been the centre and the source of boundless corruption. It has been under the control of persons wholly unfit to administer it. Uncultivated foreigners, untrustworthy politicians, the ignorant, the vicious, have held in their grasp the immense sums yearly wrung from the tax-payers, and there has been no recourse. The burden of the taxes in many cases has proved the ruin of the tax-payer. In some instances the taxes have for years equalled one-half the rent of the property; in many cases taxes are exacted when the property yields nothing at all.

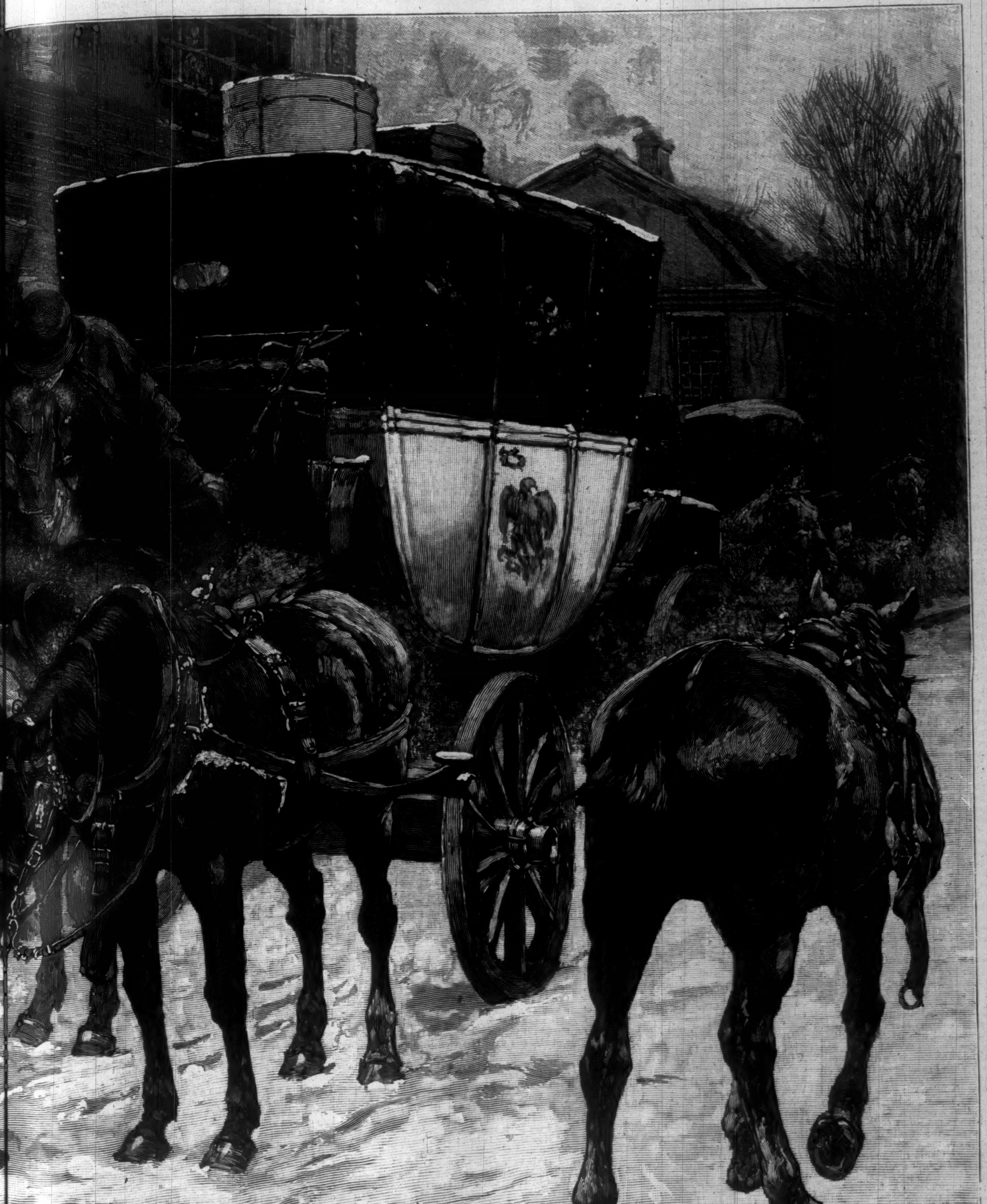
The tax-payers of New York are the working classes. Nearly the whole taxation is laid upon land and houses; and those who hire the land and houses, the apartments, the single rooms, or even the cot in a noisome garret, bear the burden in rent. It is upon the laborer and the mechanic, the seamstress and the washer-woman, the clerk, the small traders, and the countless army of workers that this excessive outlay falls. They pay it in the cost of food, of fuel, of high rents, and uncomfortable homes. Every increase of taxation comes from them; every proper diminution gives them better lodgings, cheaper food, healthier children, and happier lives. It would be well if all the working people of the city would look into this important matter, and consider how to save themselves from the extravagance of their political rulers. Why do they not join to require the appointment to office of men who will at least avoid waste? Why did they vote away so constantly their own money to purchase diamonds for Tweed's followers, or to support the fast living and municipal corruption that have outlived the fall of Tweed?

Taxation in cities has never yet been studied carefully, and each city has its own system. Paris still retains the barbarous *octroi*, and taxes the food that enters its gates. London imposes a rate upon the rental: its schools alone cost it ninepence in every pound. Boston has its own method; Philadelphia another. In the mediæval cities the savage kings and barbarous rulers taxed food, merchandise, and every profession and trade; the unhappy citizens paid for endless wars and the splendor and license of the courts of Elizabeth or Charles the Bold. Among the Romans the provincial cities in the republican period were often plundered by their rulers until they had nothing left. In the later empire the whole world perished under an intolerable taxation; yet such is the vitality of trade that the cities still survived. Constantinople, sacked and outraged by Justinian and his successors, became again enormously wealthy. It is described by a Hebrew traveller in the eleventh century as a treasure-house and a scene of boundless prosperity. London grew rich in the midst of the Elizabethan monopolies; Paris, sacked by emperors and mobs, is still advancing. There is still hope for New York.

Taxation, when well applied, is an easy burden. It supplies the citizen with a comfortable home, with cleanliness and fresh air, clean streets and open parks, and with all the conveniences a city life requires. Unfortunately in New York these conveniences have not been attained. Its officials have never been free from political entanglements, and have often been wholly unfit for the duties they were employed to perform. Yet nothing would seem more easy than to change all this, and nothing has proved more difficult. It lies evidently in the rising intelligence of the citizens. So soon as our people learn their own interest they will vote themselves lower taxes, comfortable homes, and a government that will watch carefully over the general welfare.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A RELAY ON THE OLD BOSTON PO



OSTROAD.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 154.]

FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON, 1815.

During the last ten years of the eighteenth century there were 1905 miles of post-roads in the United States, and it was only in 1810 that any notable increase was made. The American mail-stage was built something after the English model, but was lighter and less cumbersome. There were seats for nine passengers inside, with two on the box. Differing from the English coach, it was the driver who had full charge of the mail, and the services of a guard were dispensed with. In 1815 the Boston mail-stages started from No. 1 Cortlandt Street, New York, every morning at 3 A.M. in summer, and two days were consumed in making the trip. In winter the journey to Boston during bad weather sometimes took a week, and the hardships met with by travellers are frequently mentioned. Thaddeus Goodyear & Co. were the proprietors of the mail line, and they ran their coaches to Philadelphia. The route to Boston passed through New Rochelle, Rye, Norwalk, Bridgeport, New Haven, Branford, Lynn, Plainfield, Attleborough, Foxborough, Dedham, and thence to Boston. Thomas Whitfield, of No. 5 Cortlandt Street, also kept a stage house and ran coaches. In summer eight miles an hour was about the best speed made, and relays were frequent. At this pace Boston might have been reached in less than two days, but there were delays in crossing the rivers, and a rise in the New England streams would often keep travellers four days on the road. A New York merchant having then business in Boston, if he returned within the week would congratulate himself on the celerity of his journey. The houses where the travellers stopped at "to comfort the inner man" were celebrated in those days for their good cheer. There was a famous hostlery at Harlem, where in summer at daybreak the New York mail-coach would stop, and here breakfast was taken. It was a period when men wore high standing collars to their coats, and our grandmothers hid their faces in poke-bonnets. The bustle caused by the arrival of the mail-stage in a New England village was immense. Perhaps it was toward the latter part of January, 1815, that our coach is arriving, and it has brought to New London or Providence the startling news of General Jackson's defeat of the British at New Orleans. The smoking horses have been unhitched, and fresh teams are to be put in the traces. There has been a flurry of snow, and the passengers, having warmed themselves for a minute at the tavern fire, have resumed their places. The old arched door of the house, with a glimpse of the inside through the hall, calls up reminiscences of the past. The lounger at the railroad depot of to-day is the lineal descendant of the men who stood around stage-coaches some seventy years ago. Knocking around somewhere still may be seen occasionally the bodies of these old stages, which, through excellence of workmanship, have defied the encroachments of time. Children play hide and seek in them, chickens roost on them, and sometimes artists represent them in pictures as reminiscences of the past. The "slow coach" is a figure of speech for the time that is gone, and the swift locomotive is the symbol of the progress of to-day.

COUSIN DIANA.

Diana Vere was a distant relative of mine; but as her family, the Veres, and my family, the Talbots, emigrated together and frequently intermarried afterward, both sides kept strict account of all degrees of relationship, and it was a matter of pride to hang to each other. So we uncled, aunted, and cousined, whether we were rich or poor, and we recognized our kindred without reference to the position which good or bad circumstances gave us. My father, Owen Talbot, was a man of inherited property, my brother Owen was educated for a profession, and I was educated for an idle young lady. Cousin Diana's father inherited nothing; he grew to man's estate with the help of his relatives, and married a dress-maker. Her industry inspired him. While she made dresses at home, he went about the country as a peddler. When Diana was fourteen years old her mother died, leaving three children. Her husband lost his incentive to industry, sold the good-will of his peddler's concern, and shut himself up as one having done with the activities of life. These were Cousin Diana's beginnings. She was early initiated into household duties; her education was obtained at odd intervals, and she knew nothing of books. We were separated as children, and when I came home from school she was about seventeen. Her brothers had taken the California fever, and gone to the gold mines. She kept house for her father, John Vere, and they lived a solitary life upon an income so small it was not worth counting. But they betrayed no poverty; little or much, the ancient respectability of the Veres clung to them. Of course I now saw Cousin Diana often within the narrow limits of Thornbury, but there was little in common between us. Her appearance was striking; her manners inscrutably placid, reticent, and quiet. Her figure, features, and expression indicated powers that were never revealed. People observed her, looked for something which might come to pass with her, and so prove a theory of their own invention. At last it was the fashion to remark, "Diana Vere is deep." I heard this so often, and as she differed so from me in every respect, I fell into the habit of being curious about her, and speculating over her as a mystery. What pleased and interested her? She never read; was no gossip; never was carried off her feet by any excitement; felt no hate for anybody; knew no love: that is, it appeared so.

"I should go crazy, mother, if I lived as Cousin Diana Vere lives," I often said. And she as often replied,

"We must not judge others by ourselves."

And sometimes my wise brother Owen said: "She will feather some young man's nest with the most astonishing and unexpected resources. Nobody has found her out yet."

"It will be a kind of oriole's nest, with an aperture which only herself can get in and out of, Owen," was my flippant joke.

Joke it did not turn out. The nest might have suggested a plan to him. We were startled a few weeks afterward by his resolve to go to California. He was weary, he said, of watching for clients who would never come.

My father shook his head, and consulted, as was his habit, the gold-headed cane he used. He stared at it, and concluded that he did not like the plan.

"You must own, father," said Owen, "that our income will not permit any addition to the family. I mean to be married some day. It is very well now, while Edith and I remain here as dutiful children; but by-and-by we shall want more than you can give us. Do I speak your feelings, my beloved Edith?"

"Spare my blushes—but where is *he?* I fear I shall hang on the Talbot tree like a tough leaf."

"Mr. Talbot," my mother observed, "this is right, and according to nature. But who is *she*, Owen?"

"Never mind—yet. Old John Vere has paid off the mortgage with the gold Charley Vere sent him. Diana told me so."

"Do you think Cousin Diana is deep?" I asked. To my astonishment he colored.

"What fools there are in Thornbury!" he exclaimed. "What upon earth has she to be deep about? I find her exactly as she appears to be—a perfectly fair, square, simple disposition."

"How could you discover that?" I asked, curiously, and was properly rebuked.

"If the Vere boys come back with money," mother said, "how strange it will seem!"

"So she said; and I want to come back with the same," Owen replied.

The subject was only dropped for the present. He was determined, and we prepared for the inevitable. I was fond of Owen, and hated to have him go. One day I met a friend in a shop who informed me that Diana Vere had told her that Owen Talbot was going to California, and asked me was she to believe it.

"I am afraid it is true. There comes Cousin Diana herself, cooling the air. She dresses like a fright."

Cousin Diana smiled faintly, giving us a slight rim of teeth as she passed into the shop. My friend hailed her with, "I was just telling Edith your news."

"Mine? I have heard no news?"

"You told me that Owen Talbot was going to California. If that is not news for Thornbury, what can be?"

Cousin Diana looked away from us; a tight expression came about her mouth, but she replied, in a mild voice: "He hasn't given up going, has he, Edith, because Thornbury is astonished? I thought he might like to do something for himself. The Talbot candle has rather burnt down."

"Did you persuade him? I hear Charley is sending on ingots, and snuffing the Vere wick thereby."

"Not many. Pleasant to-day, isn't it? I thought we should have rain this morning."

And she had slipped inside the shop.

"You won't get the inside track of that young woman," my friend remarked. "Do you think she can feel deeply? I saw Owen walking on the beach with her last night. His head was pretty near hers, but she was investigating the moon."

I went home with a flea in my ear; but it skipped out soon, for I found mother full of an idea for a farewell entertainment to be given to Owen. Of course Cousin Diana was included in the invitations, and some whim impelled me to take it to her in person. It was a long time since I had been in John Vere's house. What a forlorn, clean, ugly sitting-room I found her in! By the window sat a young man, who held his head down, and snipped a bit of paper with Cousin Diana's scissors as if for a wager. I looked at him inquiringly, and she introduced him as "Mr. Davis." He got up, bowed clumsily, let the scissors fall, picked them up, and sat down, red in the face. I suppose I smiled at Cousin Diana, for she frowned suddenly. I gave her the invitation, and she ungraciously said:

"I don't know that I can get ready to come. A family party, I suppose; every uncle, aunt, and cousin you can rake and scrape?"

"No; everybody in Thornbury will be there. Well, come if you can."

And I turned to go. She followed me to the door.

"Who is your friend, Cousin Diana?"

"Nobody to invite," she answered, pertly. "He comes from Newton on business this way."

"He isn't much of a beauty."

"We can't all be handsome, you know. I guess he feels quite as well as if he were a beauty. What's your hurry?"

And so we parted. I happened to look back from the gate, and saw that the young man was on his feet. He was gesticulating, and his face was very earnest indeed. I asked Owen when I reached home if he had ever met a young man named Davis. He never had.

Our rooms were full on the melancholy-merry occasion of Owen's farewell party. He was popular, and all our friends gathered about him. Cousin Diana came early, and took the situation of a silent spectator in as remote a place as possible. I was almost ashamed of the contrast of my dress with hers. She wore a brown merino, and a narrow lace ruffle; her light hair was elaborately braided. These were all the pains she had taken in the way of adornment.

"Diana Vere has come so on purpose, because it is to Edith Talbot's," said an amiable guest.

"She has not," said another. "From what source can a fine wardrobe like Edith's reach her?"

Owen heard this, and eyed me with a sarcastic smile. Prudent men like to see the women of their choice poorly dressed; and Owen joined Cousin Diana with a look of satisfaction which penetrated me to the bone. I spoke to mother immediately.

"You may depend upon it, Owen has some design regarding Cousin Diana. It bursts upon me at once, when I might have suspected it before. What do you think of it?"

"I don't like it, and would not believe it if it had not been done so often. Vere and Talbot matches have been a rule."

The upshot of the party was an engagement between them, made ten days before his departure. Cousin Diana showed no elation, and received Owen's attentions with a serious silence. He seemed to take an extra degree of manliness and reponsibility. It was not a jolly business with any of us. I ventured to speak to Owen about his haste, and suggested that he was scarcely acquainted with Cousin Diana, for which I was laughed to scorn. He was very busy and excited over his departure. Otherwise, I considered, he must feel that there was an entire lack of joyous warmth on her part. But what could he expect? Not a complete change in a girl because she has promised to marry a young man at some distant and unknown period. I was miserable, and took to violent exercise in these last moments, especially in the evening. Strange enough, I discovered that Cousin Diana was doing the same thing. What ailed her? Did she wish to escape from Owen, or did she walk under the stars for the sake of being alone, her own sweet "thoughts to render"? She avoided me; perhaps she never knew me. Her appearance was skulking, her bonnet being pulled over her face, and her figure closely wrapped in a great shawl.

"There's many a slip between the cup and California," said the same friend I have quoted. "Diana Vere is not sure of having Diana Talbot cut on her tombstone."

In one of my last walks before Owen sailed, on an evening when the wind whistled in my ears, I was startled by a voice close to me.

"Taint very pleasant to be on any road to-night. Maybe you don't recall me? There's more folks than you that forget. How's your cousin Diana?"

"What do you mean, sir?" I demanded, recognizing Mr. Davis. "To frighten folks to death?"

"Excuse me; I mean no offence. Misery loves company. You know *he* is up there. Well, miss, I could go to California too if I had a rich father instead of a poor sick one. No—durn me if I will leave him for any girl! Excuse me. I do believe Thornbury is kinder upset, so many being round nights. But the road is open to everybody."

He vanished toward the light which shone in Cousin Diana's window just ahead of me, for I had happened into the lonely road which led to John Vere's.

My walks came to an end, and Owen was gone. Quiet settled over us. Cousin Diana kept indoors; I heard she had perpetual toothache, and was busy with her fall sewing. We did not meet till Owen's letters came, and then only to exchange a few commonplace remarks.

"Diana Vere behaves with all the propriety of a widow; she is really an example," was the saying in Thornbury. She refused an invitation to our winter cotillion parties, and was rarely seen anywhere except at church, where she wore so serious an air that it was suggested she might be "under conviction."

Mother thought she behaved exactly as a well-regulated young woman should; but father still shook his head. He believed her accountable for Owen's sudden change and departure. I should make the best of it, mother urged, and try to influence and attach Cousin Diana, for Owen's sake. Perhaps she thought I lacked in friendliness, and did not make sufficient advance. It might be true, and with this idea I started for Cousin Diana's, with the intention of paying her a long afternoon visit.

It was a cold day, and as I neared the house I thought it wore an inhospitable air. The doors and shutters were fast closed. I entered without knocking. In the passage I heard the hum of lively, eager voices. As I opened the door a dead silence fell. Cousin Diana rose hastily, with such a surprised expression that I instantly became embarrassed enough to run away. I was *de trop*. "Mr. Davis" was there. He was not troubled by bashfulness this time, but coolly nodded from his lounging-place on the sofa.

"How is your father, Cousin Diana?" I asked, for the sake of making a remark.

"He is well. What is new to-day?"

"Nothing, unless a letter from Owen is news. We had one to-day. Did you hear from him too?"

"I received a few lines," she replied, carelessly. "By-the-way, Edith, can you give me the pattern of the mantle you have on?"

"Yes, indeed; you can cut one now. I have come to stay awhile."

Not a word of welcome. Instead, a furtive look toward Mr. Davis, which was returned by one I could not explain. A mischievous impulse struck me.

"Didn't Owen mention that he was coming home in the next steamer, Cousin Diana?"

The work dropped from her hand; a wild look came into her eyes, like an animal's when at bay. "He isn't? How glad I am! And he never said a word of it in his letters." And she gave a little unaccountable laugh.

"What if he has already arrived—at the door?" I cried, with a dramatic voice, and craning my neck out as if I saw him down the road.

"Oh!" Cousin Diana groaned, rising as if she meant to go to the window. She fell, and fainted dead away.

"Now you have done it, with your joke," said Mr. Davis, calmly lifting her in his arms and putting her on the sofa. "I hope you are satisfied."

"On the contrary, Mr. Davis."

"Well, get some water to fetch her to. Diana," and he shook her slightly; "open your eyes; you are more scared than hurt; joy is too much for you."

She heard his last words, for as I sprinkled water in her face a crimson flush dyed it. She looked beautiful for a moment, and my friend was quite alive to the fact. He made a movement toward her, but she sat up.

"I don't feel right lately, Edith; my cold makes me weak. Here comes father.—Edith Talbot, father."

It was an agreeable diversion. A few moments' chat from him set us at our ease.

Mr. Davis announced his departure by saying: "It is about time I tackled up, as I've got ten miles to ride between this and dark. Good-day, all. I wish you much joy on your brother's arrival, Miss Talbot. I reckon he has been lucky."

"Very unfortunate—entirely so; he has lost all."

Cousin Diana and I sat facing each other after the fashion of two cats, for John Vere had followed Mr. Davis. She was the first to be mistress of the situation.

"Is it true that Owen has been so unlucky, Edith?"

"Don't you think so?"

"I am not able to follow your vagaries, and don't see why you want to torment me. I have trouble enough." And her lips quivered; tears came into her eyes. "I feel badly about Owen's being from home and all his family. I wish he had not gone. I wish—" John Vere re-appeared, and she stopped.

I went home with a vague discomfort in my mind; but said nothing. Strange enough, I did find a letter from Owen complaining of homesickness and ill luck. "There is a fool round here," he wrote, "who has made himself mighty familiar; he took the liberty of looking at Diana's picture. 'Gosh!' he bellowed. 'One of my friends is acquainted with this young woman. Ain't she kinder *deep?*' Sis, how in the world could the fellow know her? I wish she would write me *letters*. If it were not for weeping I should laugh over her timid, forced scraps, as if she feared the comments of a school-teacher. Heigho! the mines smelt a man's illusions from the ore of the commonplace, and they are gone; there are none."

I made no reply to this. The idea of Mr. Davis, as an idea, was not pleasant. But why dwell on that? Owen was a good match, and this country bovine bumpkin could not interfere with *him*—handsome, good, bright Owen. Only I wished Cousin Diana had taken up with a young lady friend to relieve the tedium she must endure.

Some time after my visit, to our surprise, Cousin Diana returned it. Mother's heart quite warmed to her, for she was more demonstrative than usual, more attractive. She asked various questions about Owen, praised him, and followed mother from room to room, offering to assist her. But she was silent before father; when he spoke she merely answered him, and her eyes wandered. She remained till evening, and, when ready to go, I proposed walking toward her house with her. My proposal was declined on account of the dampness of that particular road which led by the fields; but I insisted. It was a brilliant moonlight, a pleasant autumn night. She was cheerful till we neared the fields, and were between a thicket which cut off the view ahead; then she complained of the cold, stopped, and said I must go no further. A stone rolled in the path beyond us, which somebody had kicked, coming our way.

"Good-night," she said, turned, and actually fled.

I waited a little, then walked on by the hedge, and saw two persons in the distance walking rapidly—Cousin Diana and a man. I turned homeward with a determination that Cousin Diana should remain my *cousin* only. But what course should I pursue? Owen was really pig-headed in obstinacy, and blind as a mule where his affections were concerned, and he was naturally disposed to combat my opinions. And was not Cousin Diana deep? I kept my own counsel. She still walked serene, quiet, and sensible in all her ways—an example quoted to naughty, wilful girls. Providence averted any action on my part. Thornbury was cursed with a notorious gossip—a woman who loved to spread all kinds of tidings, impart all suspicions. No beetle ever burrowed into carrion with more avidity than she burrowed into the intentions, prospects, and circumstances of all human beings within her ken. In all weathers and at all hours she traversed the neighborhood exploring for disasters, mistakes, adventures. She fell upon Cousin Diana, and in good time ferreted out enough to put herself in an agony for more, and to send herself to me with the wish to startle and alarm.

"Edith Talbot, I should like to know if you are aware there is something strange going on at John Vere's? You are the last, your folks, to be in the dark."

"Mercy! What is it, Mrs. Dibble? Corns or chilblains?"

But I knew the truth was at hand—that it was coming to me easily.

"You had better ask her. Owen had better stay where he is."

I would wait for no more. I flew like a bird to John Vere's, and found

Mrs. Diana Davis.
At home.
No cards.

Before my indignation she behaved almost

humbly. *He* was not visible, and it was a long time before he became a familiar object in Thornbury. Cousin Diana was ashamed of him for a lover, and ashamed of herself. To assert her pride, to show what manner of men she could obtain, she threw herself in Owen's way and accepted him, always preferring the bovine Davis. More and more miserable, she finally married him secretly. She gave me no real reason, however, for her conduct with either of her lovers. Owen came home; he shook hands pleasantly with Cousin Diana, when she met him with the same old placid look, and I said, "Now, Owen, tell me, is Cousin Diana *deep?*"

IN A BAY-WINDOW.

Ah, yes, there's a change in the weather,
And it looks a little like snow;
Though in this recess it seems summer,
And around us warm red roses blow.

There is scarcely a theme we've not touched on—
Secluded, but talking at large—
From the latest lyric of Stedman
To the very last freak of Lafarge.

And now we have come to the weather:
As you say, there's a feeling of snow;
But do you not think it was warmer
In this window one winter ago?

Whose picture, that one near the curtain—
Tait? Titian? I really don't know;
I am thinking, instead, of the picture
Seen then where these Jacqueminots blow.

Just the same sweet profusion of roses,
A lady, a silken divan,
A vase—was it Wedgwood or Minton?—
And a gentleman holding a fan.

Was the talk then of art and the weather?
None could say, for their voices were low—
But 'twere safe to conjecture that neither
For the morrow prophesied snow.

Must I look at that thing on the easel?
Very bad, but a good Bouguereau.
Ah! you plainly prefer a strange picture
To mine—whose each detail you know.

You think 'tis unwise to recall things?
Unwise! It is wrong, on my life;
The weather's *so* different this winter—
You are married, and *I*—have a wife.

Around us the same crimson curtains,
All scarlet the Jacqueminots glow;
But the season is colder than last one;
In the air there is certainly snow.

Charles Henry Webb.

ANTI-CHINESE RIOT AT SEATTLE.

A deliberate and determined effort—an effort, too, without immediate provocation—was made on Sunday, February 7, to expel the Chinese from the town of Seattle, Washington Territory. By a preconcerted plan, of which neither the law-abiding citizens of the town nor the Chinamen had a hint, a mob invaded the Chinese quarter late Saturday night, forcibly but quietly entered the houses, dragged the occupants from their beds, forced them quickly to pack their personal effects, and marched them to a steamer. The mob was thoughtful enough to provide wagons to convey the baggage of its victims. Some had money enough to pay their fare to San Francisco, and many did not, but the mob made no distinction. The few policemen that became aware of the wrong-doing had no power and slight willingness to prevent it, and before the sleeping citizens of the town or the county officers knew what was going on, 400 Chinamen were shivering on the dock. The Sheriff ordered the mob to disperse, but the only result of his order was a hastening of the work of expulsion. The captain of the steam-ship admitted all the Chinamen who had bought tickets, but refused to allow the others to go on board. He armed his crew and attached hose to his boilers, and thus assumed the defensive. Not more than 80 of the 400 Chinamen purchased tickets and safety.

Early Sunday morning Governor Squire issued a proclamation ordering the mob to disperse, but it resolutely kept its victims on the dock until a large part of the law-abiding citizens were sworn as deputies and special policemen, and proceeded to protect the Chinamen from violence, and to disperse the mob. The mob threatened defiance, but was scattered, and the dock was guarded the rest of the day and all night. Meanwhile, Judge Green, of the United States Court, enjoined the captain of the steamboat from sailing, and ordered him to produce the Chinamen who had gone on board in court the next morning, to ascertain whether they had been deprived of liberty. It was hoped that the mob's purpose had been frustrated, and that it would not again assemble.

The next morning, guarded by two companies of militia, all the Chinamen were marched from the dock and the boat to the court-house, where every one was asked by the judge whether he wished to remain. Most of those who had bought tickets decided to go to San Francisco, and they were escorted back to the steamer. The rest were ordered to return to their quarters under guard of one company of militia. Then the mob, which was vigorously led, reassembled, 2000 strong, became infuriated at the sight of their victims returning to their homes, and made an attack on the militia. In the fight that followed, one man was killed and four were wounded. The militia was reënforced, the mob became more furious, and the struggle continued for an hour. No other violence was done, but for the four following days and nights the citizens kept guard, and the town, all business interrupted, was in fear of another attack. On Tuesday President Cleveland issued a proclamation ordering all persons in the Territory assembled for unlawful purposes to disperse, and United States troops were sent to Seattle. When Brigadier-General Gibbon arrived on Thursday, order had been restored and kept, but at the cost of continued watchfulness by the militia and citizens. Nearly 200 of the Chinamen had gone away, and the rest were living under the protection of the recruited police. The town was patrolled night and day for a week, and the troops were kept in readiness to attack the mob if it should again be formed. Several leaders had been arrested, meetings of all kinds were forbidden except by permission of the brigadier-general. Notice was given to the idle to seek employment or to leave the town, and the riotous element has, for the time being at least, gone elsewhere. Descriptions of suspicious persons have been put on record for reference in case they return.

The experience of Seattle has caused the other towns in Washington Territory and in Oregon to make preparations against attempts at violence. But since the disgraceful butchery of Chinese in Wyoming several months ago the anti-Chinese feeling in the extreme Northwest has become more violent and more nearly universal. An "Anti-Chinese Congress" has been held at Portland, which adopted a resolution calling upon the people in every town in the Northwest "peaceably to assemble and politely request the Mongolian race to remove"—a resolution that is a trifle less polite than it seems to be, since it follows a declaration that the Chinese are "immoral and degraded and a constant menace to free institutions, to the home, and the family." In obedience to this resolution several meetings were held on February 22. The experience of Seattle, therefore, may at any time be repeated at other towns.

ICE GORGE ON THE HUDSON.

Away back in the fifties an ice gorge was formed in the Hudson River near Albany, and resulted in the flooding of that city to such an extent that steam-boats were able to, and did, navigate Broadway, and the terrified inhabitants in the lower part of the town were taken off in boats from the second-story windows of their places of abode. Since then there have been many floods caused by the presence of more ice in the Hudson than that noble stream was able to take immediate care of, but never one so disastrous in its effects as the old-time wash-out above referred to. There is, however, seldom a winter which in "breaking up," as the saying goes, does not afford a view to the inhabitants of the upper Hudson towns of that picturesquely curious condition which follows upon the wrecking and piling up one on top of another of innumerable great ice rafts in a confused heap between the banks of the river. A spectacle of this sort has just been furnished a little more than midway between Albany and Troy, and a view of the ice-gorged river is shown in this issue. The point selected for this view is directly opposite the Island Park race track, and the picture is a faithful representation of the appearance of the river several days ago. It is easy to imagine this mass of ice dislodged and on its way toward Albany, gathering huge additions to itself from the weaker ice in front, and being constantly augmented by hurrying cakes in its wake. One can fancy the way in which it would grind up the railroad bridge, and sweep the river-front of docks and shipping. But Albanians and Trojans are accustomed to being menaced in this way, and an ice gorge must force itself upon their attention by some pronounced work of destruction before very much attention is paid to it.

New-Yorkers who live where the river comes under the modifying influence of the Gulf Stream really have a very small and faint idea of the extent of congelation of which it is capable a little farther north. The occasional thump, thumping of fragmentary ice on the bottoms of the Jersey ferry-boats is about the only reminder the residents at this end of the river have that the great stream is not in the same serene and undisturbed condition as when in June they journeyed up its beautiful blue length, with the shadow of the steamer outlined on the water, and scarcely wavering, so calm and placid was the water's surface. Let them, then, turn to figures for a better understanding of what the Hudson is in winter. The ice harvest has just closed, and the reports of the winter's crop are in. There are one hundred and twenty-five ice-houses on the river, situated at sixty-eight different points. If placed in a continuous line, end to end, these great store-houses would extend a distance of about seven miles, and they have a total capacity of 3,128,000 tons of ice. Between two and two and a quarter millions of tons have been stored during the present season. Navigation on the Hudson for any considerable distance above this city has been continuously closed since early in the winter. On the 25th of February a tug-boat and a propeller with two barges in tow succeeded in getting as far up as Newburgh for the first time since the close of navigation.

For the news of ice gorges in general the season is now becoming ripe. After a winter like that just closed, the record for March of disasters and destruction by freshets and ice gorges is apt to prove a long and startling one. The most memorable, perhaps, of the ice gorges was that which formed at Port Jervis in March, 1875. It was on the 8th of the month that the public was apprised of the peril in which the town lay. An ice gorge or glacier four miles in length had formed in the Delaware River opposite and above Port Jervis. The inhabitants moved their household effects to high ground, and awaited a flood that seemed inevitable. The ice bridge was too firm to be dislodged by repeated explosions beneath its surface of enormous charges of dynamite and giant powder; but the borings that were made for this purpose showed the fact—a providential one—that a spacious tunnel extended completely through the four-mile length of the gorge, thereby relieving the water which was being collected above it. For more than a week the people of Port Jervis and neighboring towns on the Delaware lived with their hearts in their mouths, while the work of breaking a central channel through the enormous glacier was manfully carried on by a body of trained workmen under the personal guidance of the Mayor of Port Jervis. It had, after the first few days, become evident that the overflow above the gorge would not prove very destructive, thanks to the natural tunnel before mentioned; but every man, woman, and child in the vicinity knew that there was a more dreadful peril in store—the coming of the inevitable spring freshet from the upper river.

On the 16th of March news was telegraphed that the freshet had begun at Deposit, ninety miles away, and that an immense sea of ice was being borne down the river at the rate of five miles an hour. With the impenetrable barrier of the great gorge at Port Jervis before it, this flood would be turned in upon and deluge the town. The inhabitants, particularly those living near the river-bank, were rendered nearly frantic by fright and despair; but out on the river, struggling with the unyielding mass of ice and snow which blocked the river's course, were the gallant forces of the Mayor. Charge after charge of nitro-glycerine was sunk deep in the icy floor beneath their feet, and bonfires of naphtha burned upon all sides. At each explosion of the glycerine and giant powder the ice was cracked and shattered for many cubic yards in space, but still the gorge remained tight and immovable. The ice had, however, become greatly weakened through the centre, and when the freshet struck it a channel was opened, and the inundation and destruction of the town were prevented. Many bridges were destroyed, and the loss in property was great, but the gorge was broken, and passed away without occasioning any loss of life.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Intelligence comes from Europe concerning an old lady who was determined to sail from one of the Shetland islands to Norway. She embarked upon the fishing-smack *Columbine*, notwithstanding that the captain repeatedly called her attention to the extremely rough state of the weather. They started forth in a piping gale. Presently the captain was washed overboard, and the entire crew of two sailors, putting off for him in a small boat, were unable to regain the smack, which scudded fleetly on in the direction of Norway, bearing the old lady alone. Steamers were at once sent forth in pursuit, but in vain. For seven days the smack drove before the wind, and at the end of that time landed high and dry upon the Norway coast. The old lady was discovered in a state of great exhaustion, her entire food upon the voyage having been a bottleful of milk and two sea-biscuit; but it was believed that she would recover. At all events, she had sailed to Norway, as she had made up her mind to do.

It has long been considered that a person can be more politely insulted in Paris than in any city in the world. A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there recently expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was lecturing upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed. Presently one of the audience rolled up his map in the form of a very long and attenuated lamp-lighter, inserted the small end in his ear, and turned the other end toward the speaker. It was a rather ludicrous performance, but not a laugh was heard among that polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the house was rolled into an ear-trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with the semblance of a mammoth porcupine, whose advance quills almost touched his lectern. He at once spoke louder.

A paragraph recently printed in a New York newspaper said that the first labor strike in this country of which record is preserved occurred among the factory girls of Dover, New Hampshire, in 1827. The girls paraded the town with a flag and a brass band, and the employers quickly yielded to their terms. In reply to this paragraph a correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser* writes that the cordwainers (shoemakers) of New York city went on strike in November, 1809. They were indicted for conspiracy to hamper trade and extort money, and were arraigned before Mayor De Witt Clinton and Sessions Justices Mesier and Carpenter, composing the "Mayor's Court." Mr. Sampson and Mr. Colden defended them, and on the other side were District Attorney Riker and Thomas Addis Emmet. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the strikers were fined one dollar each, the Mayor (Mayor Radcliff, who had come into office pending the proceedings), in passing sentence, remarking that the object of the trial and sentence was to admonish, not to punish.

A translation of a despatch from the Minister of Public Instruction at Athens to the Greek Minister at the court of St. James is made to afford some interesting information. "This afternoon," says the translation, "in the excavations at the Acropolis, near the Erectheum, we discovered three statues of women in an excellent state of preservation, half as large again as life, with large heads, and completely colored. They belong to the period before Phidias, are delicately finished, and are of an archaic art, admirably preserved." The statues of three colored women of an ante-Phidian period would naturally be of an art which it would be wholly proper to call archaic.

A Pennsylvanian nursery-man declares that he can grow apples without cores. First off, that may seem to be worth while, but on reflection it will be found to be a scheme full of disadvantage. All that would be wrong about a coreless apple it might be tedious to rehearse, but let it not be forgotten that opportunity for the exhibition of one of the most beautiful and most common forms of human generosity would be lost in case apples had no cores: the world would be without the most usual offering which it is the boy's pleasure to lay before his friend.

An instance of progressive merit on the part of a cheese is afforded in a story told of a dairyman of Chautauqua. Going recently to Buffalo, he bought there for thirty-three cents a pound an imported Swiss cheese, which, when he had taken it home, called forth the enthusiastic praise of the entire family, excepting the wife, who, examining it closely, found thereupon the private mark of her husband, who had made the cheese in his own dairy, and sold it for six cents a pound. The humble curd had made the journey to Europe, and had come back exalted. Many another cheese and many a ham have done similarly, and there are some persons who make the same journey which these provisions make, and who undergo the same metamorphosis.

Fanny, a jaguar in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, has recently been teething, and according to report has had a most distressing time. She is two years old, and it was her second set of molar teeth that gave her so much trouble. Captive wild animals do not get their teeth easily, and dangerous inflammation is apt to set in. Fanny's keepers bestowed upon her the most assiduous care. Mutton, squabs, and milk constituted her sole diet. At first she objected to these dainties, desiring what she would perhaps have characterized, if she had been blessed with the gift of speech, as more "serious" food; but her taste changed, and now that she is well she wants mutton, squabs, and milk, and nothing else.

A Glasgow chemist is said to have found that at a temperature of eighty-six degrees Centigrade the flesh of a sheep becomes exceedingly hard, and rings like porcelain when struck with an iron instrument. Of course bells will be made of sheep-flesh thus treated, though it does seem absurd to think of the poet of the future singing quite seriously of the music, and the mellow murmur, and all that, of the mutton chimes.

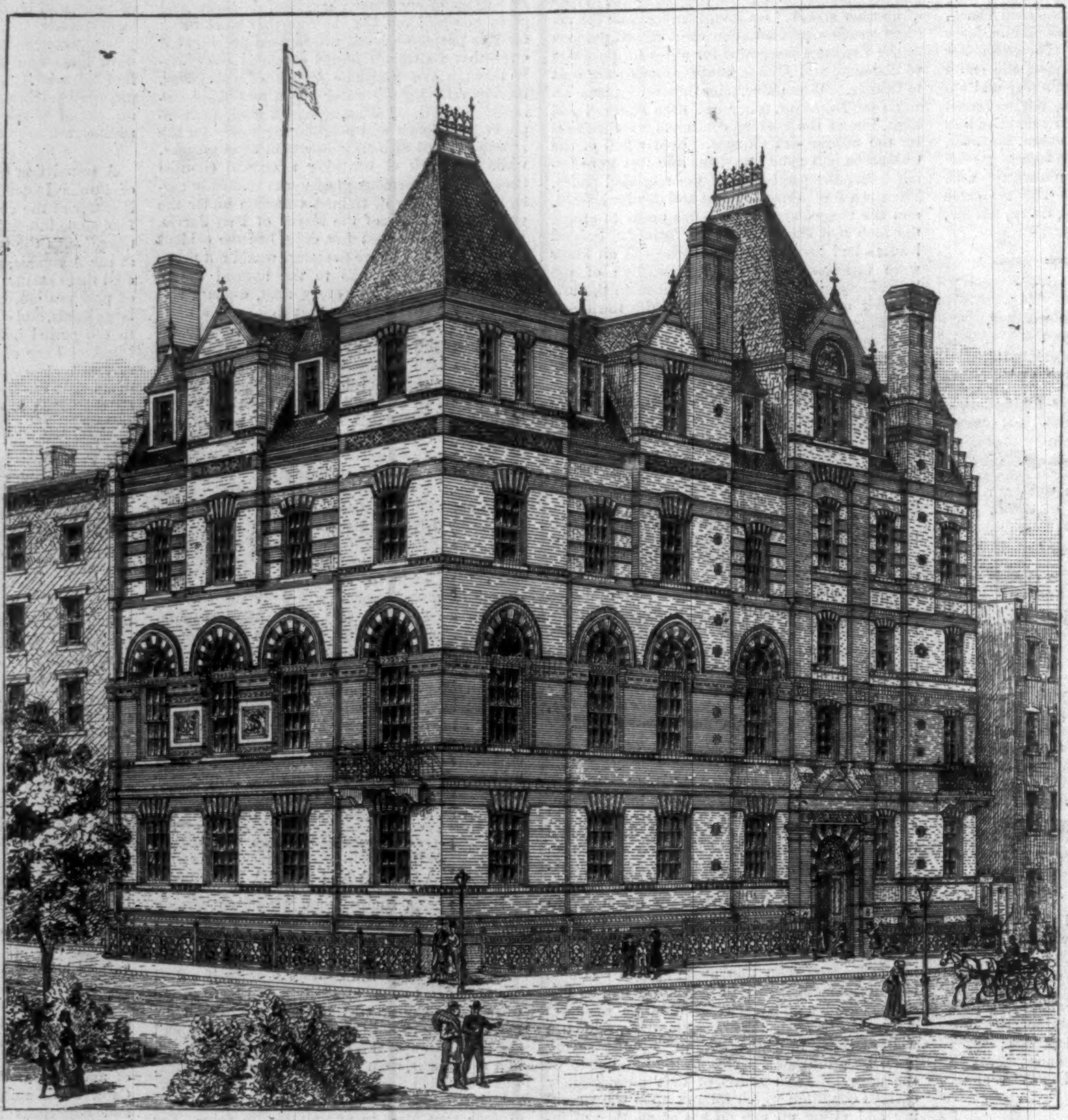
The allegation is again made that an entire snow-fall has been removed from the city of Paris by artificial means, and within a brief space of time. New-Yorkers, of course, will receive the statistics purporting to attach to this alleged performance with caution, for it is well known that nothing of the sort has ever occurred here, and that the opinion prevails in street-cleaning circles that nothing is ever likely to. Such as they are, however, the statistics may be given. The Paris snow is melted with salt, and then swept away into the sewers. The salt costs six dollars and a half a ton. In the storm of December 10, says the *Journal des Debats*, snow fell to the depth of about three and a half inches. The expense of dealing with the fall was forty-five thousand dollars, of which about fifty-five hundred dollars went for salt, and the rest for labor and horse hire. The salt needs to lie for about two hours before it has sufficiently melted the snow to enable the brooms to go to work. It seems a little odd that the municipality of Paris should go to this trouble and expense, when the snow might cheaply be piled up at the curbings along with the trucks, as is done here.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!
HAPPY POT, THAT CAN CALL THE KETTLE NAMES!

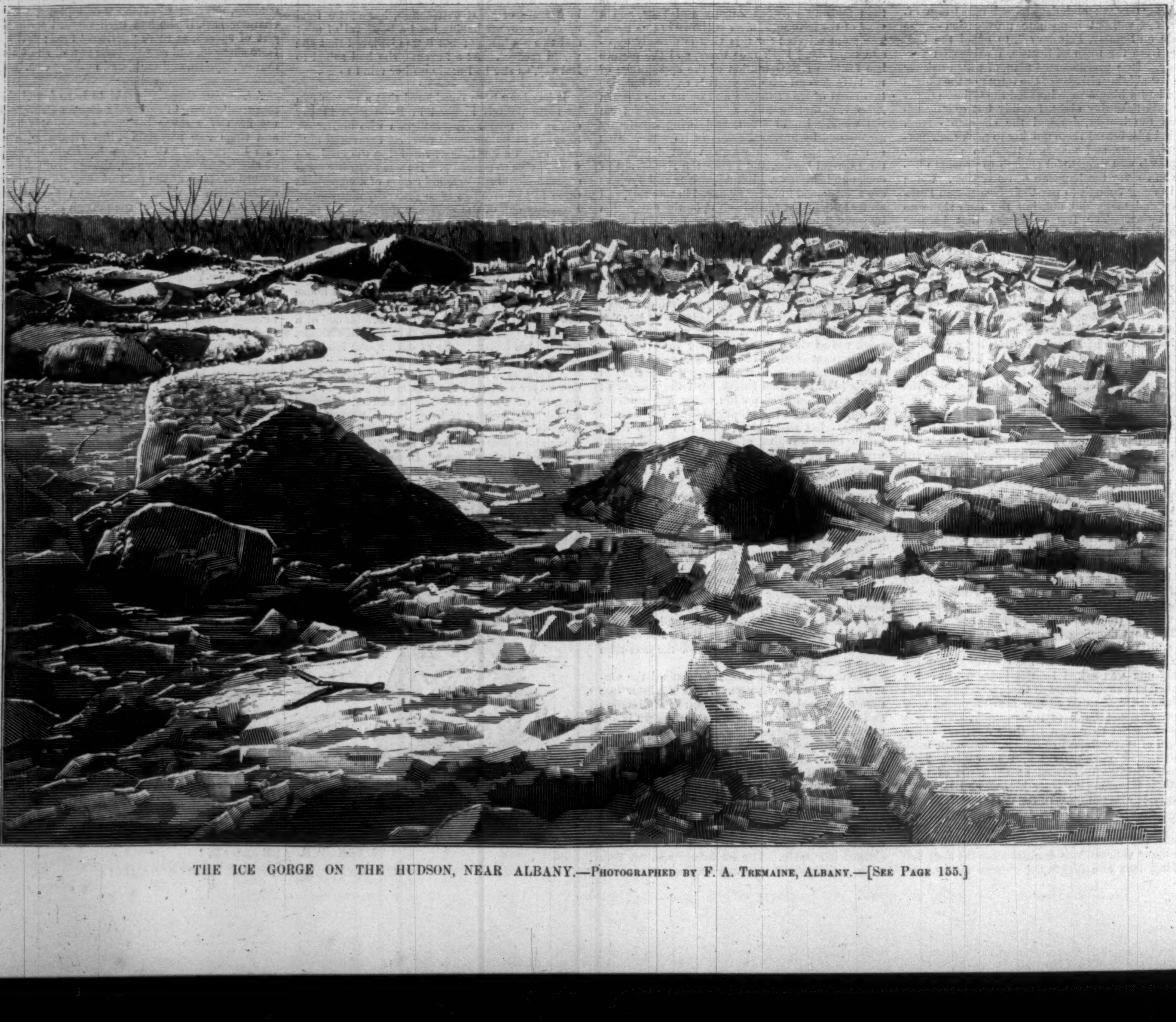
ANOTHER NEWSBOYS' HOME.

The Children's Aid Society, of which Mr. William A. Booth is the president, having already established three lodging-houses for newsboys and other more or less homeless children of New York, which have proved completely successful, is now about to establish a fourth. Since the opening of the first Newsboys' Lodging-House, just off Chatham Street, a few years ago, there have been erected, through the benevolence of charitable ladies, two similar institutions—one at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, built by a liberal donation from Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and the other at the corner of East Broadway and Gouverneur Street, for the erection of which Miss Catherine Wolfe supplied the money. The poor children of New York will be indebted for the fourth of these admirably arranged and conducted lodging-houses to Mrs. R. L. Stuart, who has given $50,000 for the purpose to the trustees of the Aid Society. Messrs. Vaux & Radford have been the architects of the two houses built by Mrs. Astor and Miss Wolfe, and are the architects of the one now to be built, and upon which work has already begun. The accompanying illustration is made from the drawings of the architects. The foundation is already in, and the building will be finished during the coming summer. Its site is at the northeast corner of Eighth Street and Avenue B, and it will have a frontage of 85 feet on Eighth Street with 47 feet on the avenue.

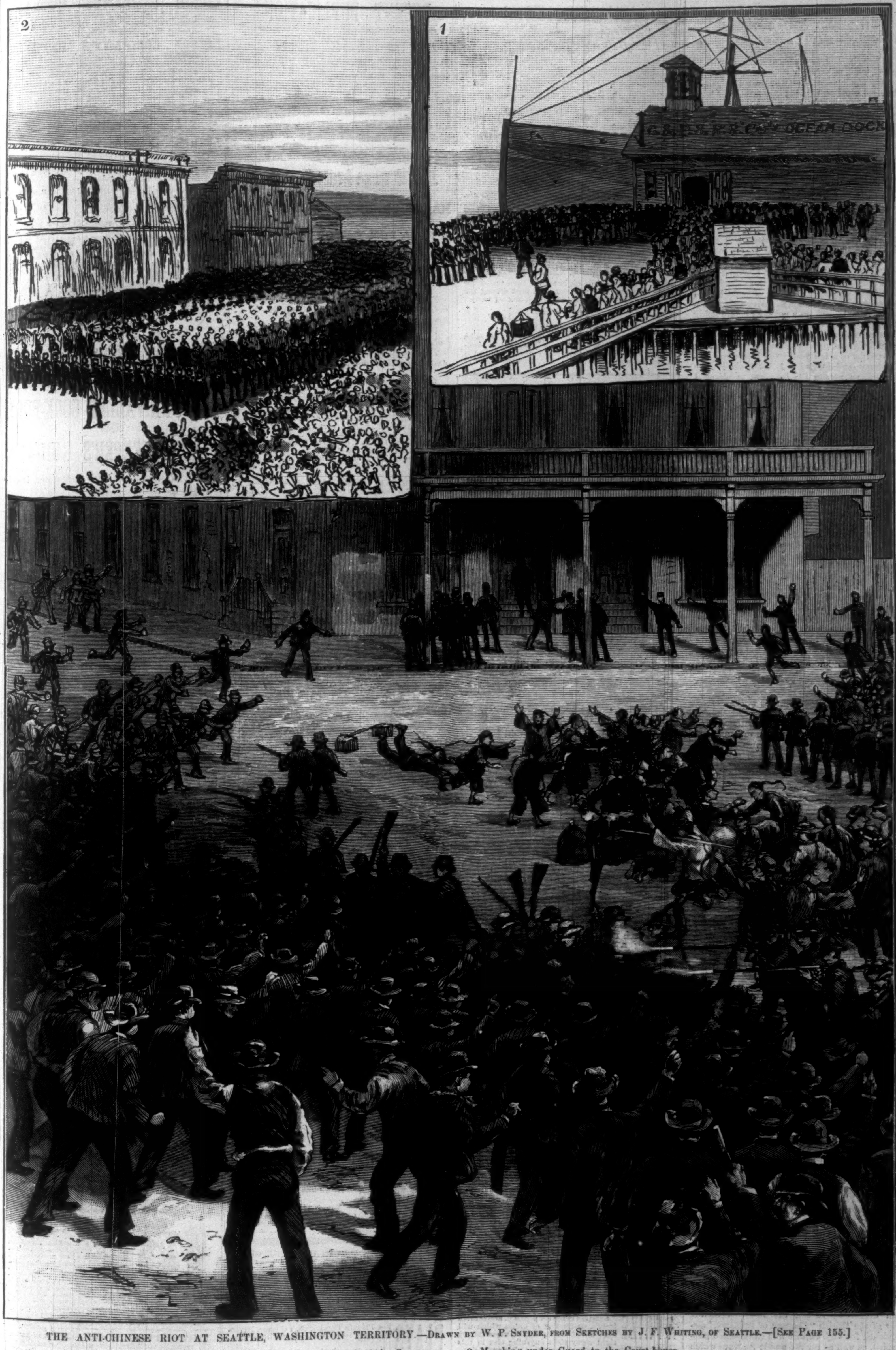
Although there is to be a fine entrance from Eighth Street, it will be reserved for the use of visitors and officers of the institution. The grimy little newsboys and their rivals in trade, the bootblacks, will be compelled to descend a flight of stone steps leading from the street into a little courtyard, from which they will gain access to the basement of the building, passing first into a large reception-room, and thence into a spacious and very useful wash-room adjoining, which is to be supplied with foot-baths, plunge-baths, and all necessary appliances for removing the traces of toil from the boys and fitting them to enjoy society. Having completed their evening toilets, they will be permitted to ascend a broad stairway leading to the dining-room, or, if they prefer it, to amuse themselves in a big play-room in the basement. The first floor will contain, besides the dining-room, an infants' school-room (which is to be used at night as a sleeping-place for such little waifs of the female sex as may have wandered in) and the superintendent's office and private quarters. On the second floor will be a large hall or audience-room, 50 by 45 feet in size and 16 feet high, taking in two stories of the building. Entertainments of various kinds will be given in this hall for the boys' amusement and instruction. The fourth and fifth stories are to be arranged as dormitories. There are to be two grades of sleeping accommodations. For five cents a boy may obtain, in addition to his supper, a shelf bunk in one of the larger dormitories, while for ten cents he may partake of the luxuries of the smaller dormitories, and sleep like a prince in a little bed of his own. The building will be fire-proof.



NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE, EIGHTH STREET AND AVENUE B, NEW YORK.



THE ICE GORGE ON THE HUDSON, NEAR ALBANY.—Photographed by F. A. Tremaine, Albany.—[See Page 155.]



THE ANTI-CHINESE RIOT AT SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder, from Sketches by J. F. Whiting, of Seattle.—[See Page 155.]

1. Driving Chinamen on Board of the Steamer. 2. Marching under Guard to the Court-house.

THE FAIRBAIRNS OF MANCHESTER AND LEEDS.

A HUNDRED years ago a farm laborer named Andrew Fairbairn lived at Kelso, Scotland, having a large family and scanty means. Several times he tried to better his condition elsewhere, but with small success, until about 1803, when he became manager of a colliery farm near Newcastle, just over the English border. Two of his sons, William and Peter, rose to wealth and station, which their sons have largely increased.

William Fairbairn, the eldest son of Andrew, was born in 1787. At sixteen he became an engineer apprentice in the Percy Main Colliery, near Newcastle. After the close of his apprenticeship he worked in the neighborhood for three years, and in 1811 set out for London in search of work.

"I had no difficulty," he says, "in finding employment; but before I could begin work I had to run the gauntlet of the trade societies, and after dancing attendance for nearly six weeks, and having to 'box Harry' all the time, I was declared 'illegitimate,' and sent adrift to seek my fortune elsewhere."

In 1814 he went to Manchester, England, which thenceforth became his home. He worked there as a millwright, and in a couple of years he had saved enough to enable him to marry a young woman to whom he had been engaged before going to London for the first time. He soon entered into partnership with James Lillie, a fellow-workman, and they set up a little machine shop. This in the course of a few years grew into a large establishment, and Fairbairn & Lillie came to be recognized as among the foremost mechanical engineers in Great Britain. William Fairbairn is styled, "Fairbairn of Manchester," to distinguish him from his younger brother, Peter, known as "Fairbairn of Leeds."

Peter Fairbairn was twelve years younger than his brother William, having been born in 1799. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a millwright of Newcastle. He had not passed out of his "teens" when Mr. Holdsworth, a maker of cotton machinery at Glasgow, invited him to become foreman in his shop, and before long made him a travelling agent, his duties taking him all over the kingdom, and sometimes to the Continent, thus bringing him into intercourse with leading mechanicians and manufacturers at home and abroad. His brother had become well established at Manchester; Peter went thither, and at twenty-two became a journeyman in his shop for a few months. Then he went to London, and was for a year employed by Mr. Rennie, the famous engineer. In 1822 he went to France, where he learned still more of his trade. Next year he came back to Manchester, and worked for some months for his brother. In 1824 the Holdsworths offered him a partnership at Glasgow. He accepted the offer, but the result was unsatisfactory, and in 1828 Peter Fairbairn left the concern, and went to Manchester to take counsel as to what should next be done.

The outlook was not satisfactory. He was thirty years old, had married, was the father of an infant son, and owed five hundred pounds. William Fairbairn lent his brother the money to pay his debts, and advised him to set up as a machine-maker in the growing town of Leeds. Flax-spinning was a leading business there, and Peter Fairbairn had in his mind an important improvement upon the machinery then in use. He devoted himself to constructing a model of this machine. Mr. Marshall, the great flax-spinner, saw its advantages, and told the inventor to go on and construct the machines, which he would use as fast as they could be built. "I cannot do this without assistance," said Fairbairn, "for I have neither workshop nor money." "Never mind that," replied Marshall; "the Wellington Foundry at the New Road End is to be let; go and take it, and I will see that all is right." From that moment Peter Fairbairn was a prosperous man. The little Wellington Foundry grew into the present great establishment, covering eight acres, and employing three or four thousand workmen in producing machinery of all kinds.

William Fairbairn prospered in a like degree. His partner, Mr. Lillie, retired in 1831, and Fairbairn then carried on the business alone, extending it in many directions, his son in time becoming associated with him. He was among the first to take up the building of iron ships, and in 1835 he established the great works at Millwall, where more than one hundred and twenty ships were built during the next fourteen years. His name is inseparably linked with the progress of iron-working, mill-work, and engineering. He was made a baronet in 1869, and died in 1874, at the age of eighty-seven, retaining his mental vigor to the last. Peter Fairbairn was long prominent in local affairs in Leeds. He was mayor in 1858, when the Queen and the Prince Consort went to Leeds to open the Town-hall, and the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him at that time. He died in 1861, at the age of sixty-two.

Each brother left a son, his worthy associate and successor in business, both of them being men of high cultivation in many noble directions. Sir Thomas Fairbairn, the son of William, born in 1823, assisted his father in many of his enterprises, working out important problems in mechanical science. Sir Andrew Fairbairn, the son of Peter, born in 1828, was educated partly in Switzerland and Germany, graduated at Cambridge in 1850, read law, and was admitted to the bar. But he had the strong industrial instincts of the family, and in 1857 he went into the works at Leeds, of which he took the sole charge upon the death of his father in 1861. The Fairbairns stand deservedly among the foremost in the ranks of the British "Peerage of Industry," distinguished for high culture and enlightened public spirit, as well as for the ample fortunes which they have acquired in business.

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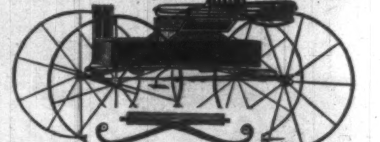

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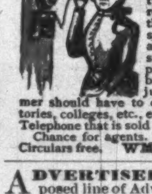

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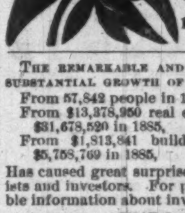

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